The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JUNE 13, 1931

TOPICS OF THE DAY

High Words Over High Tariffs

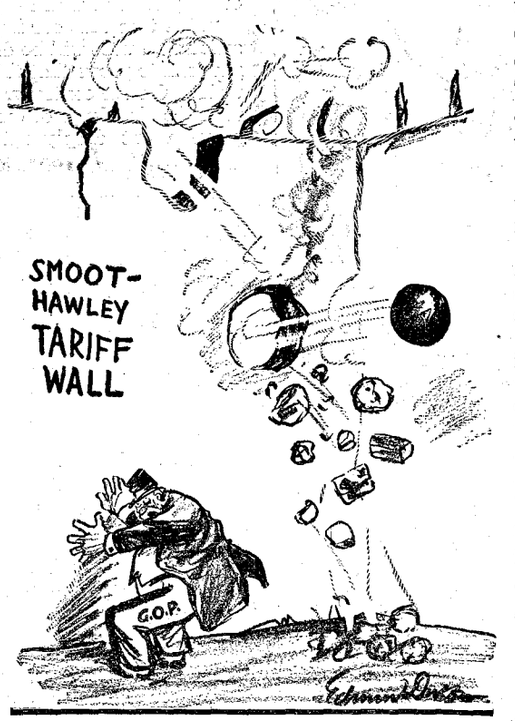
THEY BURIED IT IN 1928.

But it rose from the grave in 1931.

When Al Smith and the other Democratic leaders seemed to commit their party to the protective principle, it looked as if the tariff's day as a political issue was done.

But now! Whenever business men meet, they are sure to talk about the tariff, notes the Democratic Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot;* "within the business field it has become almost the all-pervasive subject that prohibition has become in general conversation." Another Democratic Virginia daily, the Richmond *Times-Dispatch,* finds it positively "hard to imagine the 1932 election without tariff reform as a prime issue." And on the other side of the political fence the Boston *Transcript,* through its Washington correspondent, calls attention to the multiplying signs that the tariff may again figure in the coming Presidential campaign.

There is hardly a meeting of business men or politicians where somebody isn't holding up the tariff as the cause of most of our economic ills, or else defending it against such charges. And in between times Republican committees and Senators and Congressmen are issuing statements defending the existing Hawley-Smoot tariff against the almost daily onslaughts of Democratic committees and Senators and Congressmen and Governors.



The Bombardment Is Getting Terrific

—Duffy in the Baltimore "Sun."

IMPRESSIVE to many editors is the recent outcry against the tariff in the business world. They are still talking about the doings at the conventions of the United States Chamber of Commerce and the International Chamber of Commerce. Then there is the emphatic speech of Foreign Secretary Henderson of Great Britain, who cites "the high level of protective tariffs" as one leading cause of the world's economic distress. His remarks, our editors assume, were pointed particularly at this country when he said:

"Meanwhile the principal creditor countries refuse to accept goods which the debtor countries have to offer.

"They shut their eyes to the fact that international trade must take the form of barter. The debtor must be allowed to sell his products if he is to purchase other people's goods or pay debts.

"But instead of this, the creditor countries have insisted on payment not in goods but in gold, and the consequent scramble for gold largely contributed to the recent catastrophic falling of prices."

Then another foreign complaint comes from Ambassador Señor Don Manuel E. Malbran of Argentina, who told the National Foreign Trade Council, meeting in New York, that our tariffs are "prohibitive" rather than "protective," that they have hurt business in Argentina, and that his country may have to retaliate in kind.

But we don't have to leave it to foreigners to do the talking on this subject. For instance, on this same occasion that brought out Señor Malbran's assertion, Mr. Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan & Co. made this rather carefully worded statement:

"If we want foreign trade to prosper, we have got to bear in mind that we must make it as easy as possible.

"Some of our fellow citizens at times are apt to think we can do all the selling and make the other fellow do all the buying.

"That has never been true, and it is not true to-day. That is the only word of caution I would utter to all of us here—to discourage every intention to build up these false barriers."

MORE emphatic were the words: "The matter is urgent, the situation is dangerous, and the future is ominous." They came on the same occasion from Peter Fletcher, President of the National Council of American Importers and Traders. Mr. Fletcher accuses his own country of bringing about a world-wide tariff war. The first shot, he said, was fired by the United States "when it passed the tariff act of 1922, a shot that reverberated around the world." And he continued: "If you will consider what has happened since we passed that iniquitous law, and examine the tariffs of other countries, you will find that, with one exception, every important commercial country has built, in retaliation to our tariff of 1922, high tariff walls of its own, mainly aimed at us."

And Mr. Fletcher, by the way, said this before the Canadian Government slapped on its increased rates on American goods, last week. This gentleman, it should be added, would like to bring about an armistice in this tariff war, and he thinks the way to start it would be for Congress to meet in a special session and make a 25 per cent. horizontal slice off all the ad valorem tariff rates, and a 50 per cent. cut on the specific rates.

Now we must not forget that the tariff has been stoutly defended by men like Assistant Secretary of Commerce Julius Klein and Vice-President Matthew Woll of the American Federation of Labor, as will be noted farther on.

But, somehow, editors seem to find more news in the attacks on the tariff from business men. "The way in which our tariff

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is assailed by leading American financiers, industrialists, exporters, farmers, and merchants is enough to take away the breath of all brought up on the sacrosanct view of the protective tariff," says the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.), "even Republicans are rising up, as if they were so many inhabitants of Dahomey, to drive nails into the tariff fetish, which has not worked according to the prophecies of those who did the incantations before it."

"General conditions more and more warrant a public verdict that our Government went crazy when it adopted the present

Paradise Lost!

—Talburt in the Washington "Daily News."

tariff law," we read in a Detroit *News* (Ind.) editorial. And notice this in the New York *World-Telegram* (Ind.):

"The six million unemployed are discovering that the tariff which killed foreign trade closed the factories in which they were making a living two years ago.

"The merchants are discovering that a tariff which helps cause unemployment leaves customers without money to buy the merchants' wares.

"The manufacturers are discovering that a tariff which forces foreign retaliations closes the market abroad which took their surplus production and made their profit.

"The bankers are discovering that the tariff which prevents foreign nations from selling to us impoverishes those nations to the point where they may be unable to pay their debts to us.

"All these discoveries were made a long time ago by the economists and experts in international trade.

"After a year of costly experience, business leaders and conservative politicians are now joining in the demand for downward revision."

International agreement is needed to bring early relief from the world's tariff troubles, in the opinion of *The Wall Street Journal* (Ind.), which says that:

"A reduction in all tariff rates of, say, 10 per cent., effective on the acquiescence of a stated number of the principal trading nations, would be a feasible experiment toward moderating the extreme economic nationalism now working so much mischief. Such a proposal might be offered for Mr. Hoover's leadership, and by him for action at the next regular session of Congress, with some chance of success."

But if there were not two sides to the debate, there would be no tariff issue, and the Republican National Committee and Republican party leaders have been swinging to the defense of their tariff. They call attention to the fact that a Democratic Congressman has been urging the Tariff Commission to recommend a 50 per cent. increase on boots and shoes.

Perhaps the most careful defense of the tariff comes from Dr. Julius Klein, also a speaker at the National Foreign Trade Convention in New York. He has no patience with the idea that we are "slamming the door" on our foreign friends with the tariff, since there is, "actually speaking, only a third of any such 'door' to slam." Dr. Klein, who is Assistant Secretary of Commerce, points out that 67 per cent. of our imports last year were on the free list. Then comes the matter of tariff reprisals:

"Since the enactment of our tariff act, 25 per cent. of the commercially prominent foreign countries have made major changes in their tariff laws (practically all upward), but in this mass of legislation the instances of provable anti-American reprisals are very few. Such readjustments are inevitable in every period of world depression.

"It is true that our imports from Europe have fallen off very seriously, but it will be difficult indeed for even the most ardent partizan to prove that this decline is directly attributable to the tariff. On the contrary, there is abundant evidence to indicate that the shrinkage of our buying power as a result of the depression cut deeply into our demands for many European specialties."

Absurd, in Dr. Klein's opinion, is the idea that our tariffs are impairing the war-debt-paying capacity of the European nations. He points out that our four leading debtors made payments last year of something less than $228,000,000—

"To counterbalance that, in these four countries our importers and tourists bought goods and services slightly in excess of $700,000,000. Only about a quarter of these purchases were affected in any way by our tariff, so that there was available for settlement of these balances, entirely free and unhampered by any tariff obstacles, a group of values more than double the amount of the war-debt payments."

Matthew Woll of the American Federation of Labor, too, has been vigorously defending the tariff in a series of magazine articles as the great bulwark of high wages and high living standards for American workers.

"Talk of restoring prosperity by knocking down the tariff wall is the most flimsy nonsense that has been heard in the discussion of hard times," protests the Washington *Post* (Ind.), which says in one of a series of editorials on the subject:

"Selfish and blind citizens raise feeble protests against the maintenance of the walls that protect them and their fellows.

"The selfish among them are parasites, who hope to exploit both their fellow citizens and foreigners by overreaching them in trade and finance. For the sake of their personal gain they would sacrifice the welfare of their countrymen.

"A voice like that of Thomas W. Lamont, piping up for the razing of the walls, so that he and other money-lenders may fatten upon citizens and foreigners alike, is merely a warning to Americans to guard their battlements against domestic enemies.

"Voices like his are reenforced by the howling of blind men who can not see how they are protected, and who listen with credulity to the glowing tales of 'world trade' which are to be made real by throwing down the walls and permitting pauperized hordes to ravage American fields while Americans range forth to gather thistles in fields already trampled for thousands of years by half-starved and brutalized peasants."

Similar declarations are found on the editorial pages of the Springfield *Union* (Rep.), New Haven *Register* (Ind.), Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.), Philadelphia *Bulletin* (Rep.), Troy *Times* (Rep.), Minneapolis *Journal* (Rep.), and Los Angeles *Express* (Rep.). Admitting that the present law is faulty, the Hartford *Courant* (Rep.) and New York *Evening Post* (Ind.) say it will do no more harm than good to try to tinker with it now.

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Piccard's Marvelous Plunge Into the Blue

OUT OF THAT INFINITE OCEAN we call the sky flopped a strange object, a huge bag attached to a ball, and came to rest on a glacier high in the Alps.

From the ball crawled two men, fresh from the longest trip away from the earth's surface ever made by man.

Casually, as if they had just returned from a stroll instead of the stratosphere, they set about making camp for the night.

But if they take a calm view of their epochal adventure, other people do not. To-day the whole world is paying glowing tributes to the skill and courage of the spare, bushy-haired bespectacled Swiss scientist, Prof. August Piccard, and his assistant, Charles Kipfer, who soared into the air more than 52,000 feet, or almost ten miles, in the interest of science.

Reversing the procedure of William Beebe, the scientist who drops hundreds of feet into the ocean in a steel sphere, Piccard and Kipfer rigged a hermetically sealed aluminum ball to a balloon, and shot for the stratosphere, which, we read, is the windless, intensely cold region eight or nine miles from the earth, where the stars shine by day and clouds never form.

Death soared with them in their oxygen-filled seven-foot ball, as all the cable accounts reveal.

Their air-tight chamber sprung a leak, which they plugged with pharmaceutical jelly and cotton waste. They suffered from 106-degree heat and bitter cold. Their balloon valve jammed, and they could not release gas to descend. Only their double supply of oxygen saved them—in another two hours they would have suffocated.

But when a rescue party found them clambering down the glacier in the Austrian Tyrol, the only damage reported was by Kipfer, who bemoaned a pair of sadly torn trousers.

ALOFT for more than eighteen hours, when they planned to be up but seven, they had been given up as dead. News of their safety thrilled the world. But the two scientists were amazed at the acclaim, the correspondents tell us, and seemed unable to account for all the attention they were receiving.

It meant little to them, apparently, that they had broken the world's altitude record of 43,166 feet, set by Lieut. Apollo Soucek, U. S. N., in an airplane, but they were jubilant over the success of their trip, being confident that their observations on the conductivity of gases generated by cosmic rays would prove important.

If science knows no nationality, certainly this balloon voyage is typical, for Piccard, a Swiss professor at a Belgian university, took off from Augsburg, Germany, in a German-made balloon, and landed in Austria.

"At an altitude of ten miles, the earth is a marvelous sight," Professor Piccard told Alfred Tyrnauer, International News correspondent. "Yet it is terrifying, too"—

"As we rose, the earth seemed at times like a huge disk, with an upturned edge, rather than the globe that it really is.

"The bluish mist of the atmosphere grew red-tinged, and the earth seemed to go into a copper-colored cloud. Then it all but disappeared in a haze.

"The moon is as bright in the stratosphere during the daytime as it is when seen from the earth in the middle of the night.

"But our most amazing discovery is that the temperature in the stratosphere, that stormless region far up in the skies, is more than 100 degrees below zero centigrade" (more than 148 degrees below zero Fahrenheit).

TO the Vienna correspondent of the New York *Times*, Professor Piccard gave other details:

"Apart from the great cold, we did not suffer any great inconvenience. There was nothing much, however, to see apart from blue space. The earth was somewhere between nine and ten miles beneath us, and atmospheric conditions at that time were against our seeing it.

"We were busy with our observations for some time, and then began to think about getting down again. We had already been up longer than we expected. We had to be careful not to release too much gas, otherwise we would have descended like a stone. The balloon obliged us by lowering itself almost of its own accord to about 4,000 meters, but then the expansion of the gas, owing to the warmer atmosphere in the afternoon sunlight—it was cool in the morning, when we left—checked our descent.

"We were afraid to let any more gas go, for as night-time approached the air would cool, the gas contract, and the balloon sink, and we were not certain where it would fall. We wanted to choose our own landing-ground, and at that moment we were over the inhospitable Alps.

"The hours passed all too slowly for us. We were held poised, it seemed immovably, above the sharp points of snow-capped peaks and precipitous-looking glaciers.

"Slowly we sank down and, by a stroke of great good fortune, when the gondola finally touched, it was on the soft snow covering a flat ice-field."

Wide World photograph

Ten Miles Into the Sky

Soared these two scientists—Prof. August Piccard (left) and his assistant, Charles Kipfer.

HOW narrowly they escaped death is shown by Professor Piccard's statement to Whit Burnett, correspondent of the Baltimore *Evening Sun:*

"If our gas-vent hadn't jammed, making it impossible to deflate the balloon in order to descend, we would have landed in good time.

"As it was, we were very near the end of our rope. Two hours more and the oxygen supply would have been exhausted, and we would have been dead men."

As a result of his sky jaunt, Professor Piccard visualizes airplane trips across the Atlantic in a few hours, we read, for in the stratosphere, he says, planes would be capable of 400-mile-an-hour speed. They would, of course, have to be supplied with oxygen.

Kipfer "wants to try it again, and believes that with a specially constructed balloon he could go as high as 100,000 feet," says the Associated Press. As he explains the plan:

"I am convinced that a balloon bag with many gas-chambers, each regulated from the gondola by a separate valve, would rise as high as 100,000 feet without danger or even hardship to the occupants."

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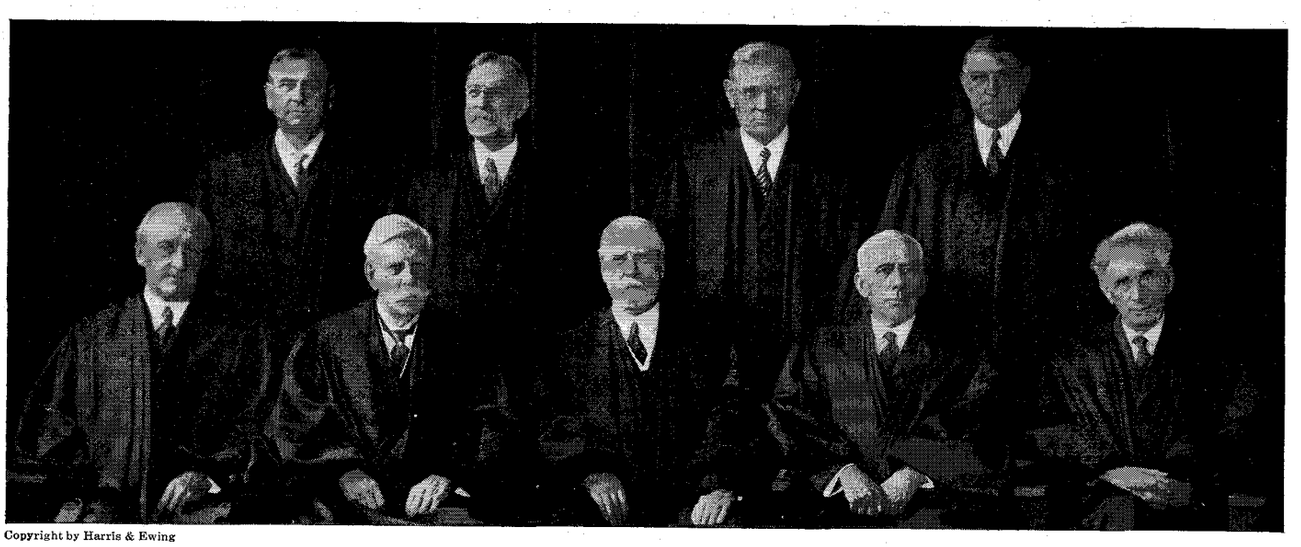

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The Five "Liberals" and Four "Conservatives" of Our Supreme Court

Standing (left to right), Justices Stone, Sutherland, Butler, Roberts; seated, McReynolds, Holmes, Chief Justice Hughes, Van Devanter and Brandeis. The "Liberals" are Hughes, Holmes, Stone, Brandeis, and Roberts.

The Supreme Court's Shift to Liberalism

"JUST ABOUT THE BIGGEST Washington news of the decade."

Thus the Scripps-Howard press views "the new development in the United States Supreme Court"—the shift of a majority of the Court to the "liberal" side.

Washington correspondents also are deeply imprest by the change, and editors all over the country are talking about it. The recent decisions "reveal unmistakably a tendency of the profoundest significance to the nation," says the Hartford *Courant*, and the Asheville *Citizen* adds that "it would not be easy to exaggerate the significance of the change."

Through the comment runs a strong note of pleased surprize that the stout, erect, white-bearded Chief Justice Hughes, who was bitterly attacked as "a hidebound conservative" at the time of his appointment, is proving himself a stalwart among the "liberals."

To cap the climax, the Court on the last day of the term renders another five-to-four decision in which the "liberals" uphold the freedom of the press by declaring unconstitutional a Minnesota law under which a so-called "scandal sheet" had been suppresst.

Previously, the same five—Hughes, Holmes, Brandeis, Stone, and Roberts—had upheld in the Indiana chain-store-tax case the right of the State to impose such a tax. The "conservative" minority in both these cases included Van Devanter, McReynolds, Sutherland, and Butler.

Thus that slender, ninety-year-old man who was hailed years ago as a great liberal in jurisprudence, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose hair, long mustache, and bushy eyebrows have all turned white, is no longer alone in his interpretations of the law. Once the Supreme Court's lone dissenter, he has been joined in recent years, we read, by Justices Stone and Brandeis, and now by Chief Justice Hughes and Justice Roberts.

Of course, the cleavage is not always so sharp, as we are reminded by editors who point out that in the recent Macintosh-Bland citizenship case, Justice Roberts swung back to the "conservative" side to give a five-to-four "antiliberal" decision.

But "the changed trend of majority thought in the Court constitutes by far the most important current news in Washington," writes Mark Sullivan, *Herald Tribune* correspondent. "The shift that has happened in the balance of thought on the Court has much more real weight than, for example, a transfer of power in Congress from Republican to Democratic, or vice versa." And then Mr. Sullivan proceeds with an interesting analysis:

"The change in the Supreme Court is not, of course, to be described in the words Democrat and Republican, but in those of, to use the words loosely, conservative and liberal. Up to about January of last year, the Court was divided into, again using the words very loosely, six conservative and three liberal. Decision after decision was handed down with, speaking roughly, the conservative six writing the majority opinion, while the liberal minority wrote dissents.

"With that condition existing, two of the conservatives, Chief Justice Taft and Justice Sanford, died during 1930. To fill their places President Hoover appointed as their successors the present Chief Justice, Charles E. Hughes, and Owen Roberts.

"It now turns out that Messrs. Hughes and Roberts take prevailingly the liberal side. In consequence, the court now divides five liberal and four conservative. Speaking very loosely and subject to much qualification, it may be said that whereas two years ago the conservatives wrote the majority opinions, they now write the dissenting ones."

THEN Mr. Sullivan adjusts his microscope to a sharper focus:

"Perhaps a more accurate spectrum of the present shades of thought in the Court would picture three groups.

"At what political terminology would call the extreme right are four conservatives, Justices Van Devanter, Sutherland, McReynolds, and Butler.

"At the extreme left are two, Justices Louis D. Brandeis and Oliver Wendell Holmes, called liberals in ordinary terminology, especially by those who like their shade of thought, but occasionally called radical by those who find it repugnant.

"In the middle is a group to be described, in reasonable use of the terminology, as liberal or progressive. They are Chief Justice Hughes and Justices Stone and Roberts. The line-up, of course is not uniform in all cases. In the naturalization cases, for example, Justice Roberts, usually liberal, stood with the four conservatives and enabled them to have a majority.

And this is how Mr. Sullivan views the significance of the Supreme Court split:

"The cleavage between liberal and conservative and the dominance of the former appear particularly in two areas of decisions. One, speaking broadly, emphasizes human rights and constitutional guaranties to the individual, such as freedom of speech. These human rights the liberals of the Court tend to protect or enlarge.

"The other group of decisions, again speaking very roughly, tends to restrain private property rights and to enlarge the powers of State governments in dealing with private property."

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The Filipino Has Another Thought

A RICH UNCLE IS A PRETTY GOOD THING to keep in the family.

Every year a large, prosperous relative called Uncle Sam takes well over $100,000,000 worth of sugar, hemp, coconut products, and what not grown by the far-off Filipino, and pays good hard cash for them.

These Filipino products have the rare privilege of entering the United States duty-free.

Yet the Filipinos for over thirty years have been clamoring for independence.

Now it has suddenly dawned upon them that independence might stop all this rich trade and make their islands another "poor-house," and they have executed as neat an about-face as is often seen. They prefer now, it appears, to stay right in the family.

As Vicente Villamin of New York, Filipino economist, lawyer, and lecturer on Philippine affairs, says: "Discarding the shield of American protection will give us away to the hungry wolves of Asiatic imperialism and militarism."

The Filipino's apparent "flop" is causing a great deal of press comment, and forecasts are made that his independence, nevertheless, will be one of the chief issues before Congress next December.

TAKING "the little brown brother" at his word that he wanted to be free, American commercial interests which have been hurt by his exports, notably the cotton, beet-sugar, and dairy industries, have been working overtime, we read, to help give him independence and thus knock him out as a competitor.

"The canny Filipino," says the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, "has detected the economic African in the independence wood-pile"—

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The Philippine Question Grows Less Complicated

—Brown in the New York "Herald Tribune."

"The new attitude, then, is not surprizing.

"Money has simply proved itself just as vocal in the Philippines as elsewhere.

"In the face of tariff barriers, the sweet usages of liberty suddenly become excessively abstract. Many Filipinos are suddenly convinced that they got hep to themselves just about in time. The Filipinos have merely emphasized their participation in the more amiable ignobilities of the human race."

"It would be ironical," remarks the Kansas City *Star*, "if, instead of holding out against the Filipinos and denying their prayers for independence, we should witness a formidable movement to thrust it upon them against their will. And yet that is a possible development from the changes that have taken place."

How sentiment in the Philippines has changed is shown by a Manila dispatch to the New York *Times*, which tells us that the Manila *Tribune*, a native language newspaper, switched its policy two months ago, "bitterly attacking Speaker Manuel Roxas, independence advocate, and advising moderation." Reading on:

"*The Herald*, the last press stronghold of the Filipino die-hards, changed its policy this week, praising the thirty-year plan of Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, calling him the 'leader of a desirable compromise.' This was followed directly by a strong editorial stating that the Filipinos were not anti-American but wished American cooperation.

"To-day *The Herald* admitted candidly that the demand for immediate independence was never more than a point of departure for negotiations. 'Our leaders possess an uncanny trading instinct,' this paper says.

"'When America was reluctant to consider Philippine independence, they naturally and logically pegged their demands high. They knew they would not get everything. But now that there is an earnest disposition on the part of America to face the problem and possibly to grant independence, they are beginning to come out with their honest expectations. There is no inconsistency, but simply native trading ability.'"

Digging under the surface, the same dispatch tells us that—

"The bold statement by Senator Vandenberg calling attention to the fact that immediate independence would precipitate economic collapse in the Philippines within ninety days is held to be partly responsible for the tendency on the part of agitators to sober up, as well as for increasing conviction that the American moves toward independence are actuated by a desire to impose tariffs and immigration restrictions."

ALTHO Senator Manuel Quezon, now in Washington as the head of the Philippine Independence Mission, insists that the Filipinos want independence and will continue to fight for it, other dispatches from the capital say that it will not be surprizing if the next session of Congress sees Filipino politicians opposing the independence for which they have been pleading.

But "the Filipinos have lost the ball," asserts Representative Knutson of Minnesota, chairman of the House Committee on Insular Affairs. "To-day the demand for Philippine independence comes from the dairy farmers and the cotton farmers of the United States."

SEVERAL measures, including Senator Vandenberg's plan for independence in thirty years, are to be prest at the next session, we read.

"There is a strong probability Congress will adopt some type of independence bill," writes the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, "most likely one which would make the divorcing of the islands from the United States a gradual process. But the Hoover Administration is opposed to the movement, and the President is expected to veto any bill acceptable to advocates of Philippine independence."

"The United States Government has a definite policy in the Philippines, stated in the Jones Act of 1916, and a definite responsibility to fulfil," is the reminder of the Manchester *Union*, and the Cleveland *News* adds that "after all the lives lost and the millions spent since 1898 to give 'the little brown brother' a better chance in this world, the United States will scarcely abandon its guardianship for reason of economy or leave its ward unprotected while protection is still needed."

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The "Billions-for-Booze" Battle

WHISKY, GIN, BEER, AND WINE are costing us the stupendous sum of two billion, eight hundred and forty-eight million dollars a year.

It works out at the rate of about $23 for every man, woman, and child.

Thus bootlegging is to-day a swollen giant that compares with our major legitimate industries.

This we are told by the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment.

But the announcement hardly appears before the drys let go

No Slump Here

—Summers in the Cleveland "News."

their derisive thunder. "Fantastic and absurd" epitomizes their retorts to this huge estimate of our drinking.

"Americans may be drinking $1,000,000,000 or $10,000,000,000 worth of booze annually, but there's no bureau of statistics gathering the figures, and no organization in existence financing such a bureau," says the Burlington *Free Press*. "The Association Against the Prohibition Amendment has no more knowledge of how much Americans are spending for liquor than it has about the number of bald-headed men who eat carrots every Thursday."

HOWEVER, other papers point out that the estimate is based on a careful study, and add that, if it is anywhere near correct, the conditions thus exposed shriek for governmental mop and pail. Much of the comment by papers which accept the figures runs along the lines of taxation. With the Government facing an estimated deficit of more than $1,000,000,000, these editors remind us that the liquor trade paid $333,393,933 in taxes in 1914, and sadly point out how the bootlegging industry is waxing fat and paying nothing. "The cost of Prohibition plus the value of the lost taxes would have canceled the Treasury deficit this year," thinks the Newark *Evening News*.

The $2,848,000,000 liquor bill estimate is highly conservative, according to the Association's statement. Borrowing from a summary made by Elliott Thurston, Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record:*

"This grand total is made up of $2,200,000,000 for hard liquor, $395,000,000 for beer, and $253,000,000 for wine. It is more than a billion dollars above the nation's pre-war expenditures for alcoholic beverages.

"The Association estimates that the country buys 200,000,000 gallons of hard liquor at an average of $11 a gallon; 790,000,000 gallons of beer at an average of fifty cents a gallon, and 110,000,000 gallons of wine at an average of $2.30 a gallon.

"This gives a total 'drink bill' in excess of the money spent by the American public for passenger automobiles. It is about equal to the amount spent for gasoline, and not much under the total spent on steel and iron.

"The bootleg business has grown so great as to rank with these legitimate industrial giants, the Association declares."

COMPARISON of the 1914 and 1929 drink bills, says the Association, "indicates the present trade has a bonus of more than $1,300,000,000," and "how much of this goes to excessive profits, how much is used as a fund for corrupting public officials or to finance other forms of crime are matters of conjecture." Returning to Mr. Thurston:

"Last September the Prohibition Bureau of the Department of Justice, in a study of 'possible production of illegal liquor in the United States' for 1929-1930, accounted for 118,320,300 gallons of wine, 683,032,000 gallons of beer, and 36,409,000 gallons of absolute alcohol contained in hard liquors.

"Depending on alcoholic content, this last figure might represent as great a total in hard liquor as that estimated by the wet organization.

"The two estimates, therefore, may not be so very far apart.

"They practically agree on the volume of wine and beer.

"Both agree that since Prohibition less beer is used. The wet association finds a vast increase in the amount of hard liquor consumed. The Department of Justice study argued that per capita consumption, in terms of absolute alcohol, decreased from 1.7 in 1914 to .6 in 1930."

But this liquor bill estimate is "merely wild speculation," declares the Anti-Saloon League as quoted in the press—

"The Association's figures are not based on any tangible facts, but are a synthetic figure composed of one part guesswork and five parts desire to discredit Prohibition.

"The absurdity of their statement is apparent from their use of the figures purporting to show per capita consumption of liquor when there are no facts available anywhere as a basis for these figures.

"Their own statement that 'most of the liquor now consumed is made at home or purchased from neighborhood bootleggers' shows clearly that they are merely guessing, because obviously there is no record and can be none of the extent of this source of liquor supply."

LIKEWISE, the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals declares it is impossible to tell how much liquor is consumed, but that it is much less than before Prohibition.

Defending its estimates, the Association retorts that they are based on statistics from government departments and trade sources of the total production of materials used in making intoxicants. Deducting therefrom the amounts used in legitimate industry, they figure the amount of liquor that the remainder would make.

"If the compilation of the Association is accurate," says the Boston *Globe*, "the typical American must be practically preserved in alcohol. But what earthly reason is there for supposing this figure is within miles of the truth?"

To which *The Christian Science Monitor* adds that the Association "now has given the drys occasion for a long and loud guffaw —tho, perhaps, a quiet smile will be just as effective."

However, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* says that, "making whatever allowance desirable for the fact that these figures come from an organization working to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, one can scarcely remain unimprest by the story they tell." And the Philadelphia *Record* accepts the figures by declaring that "here we have the story of how Prohibition killed temperance."

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Wide World photograph

The "Drinking Scene" from which Mayor Porter Fled

Those Touring Mayors of Ours

MERRIMENT AND MORTIFICATION echo in editorial pages across the land over the behavior of that group of American mayors now visiting France.

"Their trip is rapidly assuming the aspects of a minor misfortune for the prestige of the United States," declares the Middletown (N. Y.) *Times Herald*, and the Boston *Post*, in an editorial captioned "These Wild-eyed Mayors," suggests that some of them "ought to be shipped back as soon as possible."

A series of contretemps among the touring officials precipitates a huge volume of comment, serious and facetious. First, the twenty-five mayors, who, we read, are the guests of the French Government and the directors of the French Colonial Exposition, in Paris, tangled with one another in a quarrel over whether they should drink liquor at public affairs in France.

Los Angeles's mayor, John C. Porter, refused to drink the champagne toast to the Presidents of France and the United States, proposed by the Mayor of Havre at the first official reception to the party. Out of the room he walked, with Mrs. Porter, asserting, so the dispatches say, that he would not be photographed in the midst of "such law-breaking." The toast was repeated, and the other mayors, their wives and daughters drank it. Mr. Porter later said, as quoted by the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times:*

"Yes, we are dry. We believe in following the American Constitution even when on foreign soil. We have not taken one drink since we left the United States, and we don't intend to touch alcoholic stimulants while in France."

EMBARRASSING incident number two came when Mayor George Baker, of Portland, Oregon, achieved the doubtful distinction of being the first man ever to deliver an address at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. At that shrine, silence shall prevail, says the unwritten law of France. Mayor Baker, according to the United Press, spoke for thirty minutes.

On the same day, another quarrel broke out among the party. Some of the mayors felt that Mr. Baker, who had been elected chairman, was "dominating the show." And the United Press correspondent continues:

"After a luncheon at the city hall, the discontent almost broke into public notice at the conclusion of municipal ceremonies for presentation of a bust of the late American Ambassador, Myron T. Herrick. At that time Mayor Daniel W. Hoan of Milwaukee, turning arbiter, suggested that a different chairman be named by the party each day. Others in the party, however, exprest a desire 'to settle this thing right here in the city hall.'

"Mr. Baker urged the mayors to be quiet, saying that it was unbecoming to start a dispute in the presence of the dignified Mayor of the Paris Municipal Council, Count Jean de Castellane, and other notables. There was some heated comment, but the matter was passed over until the mayors went into secret session at a hotel.

"A committee of five mayors was named, representing all sections of the country, to govern the remainder of the tour. They will take turns at making addresses, and will name new speakers daily."

THUS the breach was healed. As for Mayor Porter, later dispatches tell us that, instead of walking out when toasts were drunk, he stood by and drank ice-water.

Some pretty harsh things are being said about Mr. Porter by American editors, who accuse him of making himself and his country "ridiculous" by his "rudeness." "If his temperance ideas were such that he didn't want to drink wine, all he had to do was to touch his glass to his lips," remarks the St. Paul *News*, and the New York *Herald Tribune* adds:

"It happens that the American Constitution says nothing whatever about drinking here or elsewhere, but what difference does this make to a politician anxious to insult his hosts for the benefit of the kudos to be gained among his constituents?"

"As a political gesture for home consumption, perhaps the Mayor was successful," says the Brooklyn *Times*, "but in the eyes of France and of the majority of his own country he made himself ridiculous." Says the Salt Lake *Tribune:*

"No Prohibitionist or non-Prohibitionist in this country takes issue with Mayor Porter if his conscience dictates his action in not accepting an alcoholic stimulant. As a matter of fact, he is to be admired for having the courage of his convictions, but he need not display this quality in such a manner as to bring ridicule on himself and his countrymen, and one might even add in France—the Prohibition law of which he is so ardent an advocate."

TAKING a general view of the incidents of the mayors' tour, the Chicago *Tribune* declares that "these sons of freedom should be induced to come home, or they should be shanghaied. . . . The American Ambassador should settle for the broken glass and be liberal with the tips." In the same paper the columnist, "R. H. L.," writes:

"When our Army was in France we had it more or less in control, but the mayors have broken loose, and we ought to get 'em back home.

"We've got to take steps, right away. Get the mayors out of the trenches before Christmas!"

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

MR. GREEN'S warning is that if labor is cut down it will cut up.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

THERE ought to be a bounty on bears in some States, especially in New York.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

WE should not be surprized to see the Democrats come out in favor of the cancelation of debts. Starting with Raskob.—*The New Yorker.*

MANUFACTURERS are planning to standardize nuts. They could learn a lot in this connection by studying our collegiate systems.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

POSSIBLY in order to get away from the defeatist psychology, and in view of the large national treasury deficit, it would be just as well to sing it: "Three cheers for the white and blue only."—*Boston Herald.*

IT seems, in Chicago, death is certain, but not taxes.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

WE begin to fear that the American standard of living is about to lose the second automobile.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

A LOT of folks now sigh for the good old days when all this country had to fear was an attack from Indians.—*Wichita Eagle.*

AL SMITH can afford to smile. His great building is finished and Mr. Hoover is still working on his fences.—*Muskogee Phœnix.*

IN some other lands, also, the women cover their faces in public, but the cover isn't smeared on.—*Denton (Tex.) Record-Chronicle.*

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know what is the best thing to take when run down. The number of the car, we suggest.—*The Humorist (London).*

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Here's One He'll Not Rave About

—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

SOMETIMES the bulls are on top and sometimes the bears, but there is never any question as to who is in the middle.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

THE national forests were visited by 31,904,515 tourists last year, but nevertheless several of the forests are practically intact.—*American Lumberman.*

THE town misogynist says this "vest-pocket cruiser" is not original with the Germans—that his wife has explored his pockets regularly for years.—*Detroit News.*

A PARIS court has ruled that a husband may open his wife's mail. France is moving rapidly to secure complete equality between the sexes.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

ACCORDING to a naturalist, mosquitoes are capable of traveling long distances. We shouldn't mind that at all if only they didn't stop for refreshments so often.—*The Humorist.*

WE had almost neglected to mention the fact that this is National Poetry week. Poetry, you know, is that industry which yields the writer so many returns, if he encloses stamps.—*Boston Herald.*

ANOTHER serious thing about life is the fact that so many motorists drive as tho there were approximately 26,500,000 fewer automobiles in the United States than there are.—*Nashville Banner.*

A FINDING reported at the meeting of the Midwest Psychological Association in Chicago is that it takes twice as long for a three-year-old child to get to sleep as it does for an adult. The statistics on adults, we imagine, were compiled in families where there are no three-year-old children.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

CHINA seems all set to renew its earnest efforts to beat itself to death.—*Nashville Banner.*

MUSSOLINI not hurt much when thrown from his horse, but what will happen to the poor horse?—*Omaha World-Herald.*

THE reason we feel that the Civil War must be over in China is because of dispatches announcing that a new one has begun.—*Dallas News.*

NEW YORK is another commonwealth that is thinking of adopting a State bird. So far the swallow hasn't been given any consideration.—*Toledo Blade.*

TOSCANINI, the conductor, was mobbed in Bologna for refusing to play a Fascist hymn, which from a musical standpoint Mr. Toscanini classes with the delicatessen for which the city is famed.—*Detroit News.*

WHAT the world really needs is a cancelation of its war hatreds.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

ANOTHER good frontispiece for a war history would be a life-size replica of a tax receipt.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

SOPHISTICATED tho he be, New York's Mayor is that town's most outstanding J. Walker.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

THE mystery grows how, in Egypt's precigaret times, Cleopatra contrived to remain so lithe and kissable.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

TIP to June brides. No matter what love may be able to do to the world, it takes more than that to make a small salary go round.—*Boston Herald.*

THE agent drives it 400 miles while demonstrating, and it's still a new car. Then you drive it home and it's a used car, worth $800 less.—*Roanoke World-News.*

AIMEE MCPHERSON is back from her trip thirty pounds lighter and in good fighting trim. We gently break this news to Mother.—*The New Yorker.*

SHOWER-BATHS are provided on a new type of motor-coach. Pedestrians can still obtain one by standing on the curb on a wet day as the coach goes by.—*The Humorist.*

IT may be entirely true that Chicago telephone employees refused a raise in wages, but it sounds to us as if they had been cut off in the middle of a conversation.—*Detroit News.*

WHEN the second man appeared on earth, the rights of the first were cut in half. Now divide yours by the total population and that explains everything.—*Sherbrooke (Que.) Record.*

THE claim of a Mexican farmer to be a hundred and twenty years old is not regarded seriously, we read. It is thought that he has been reckoning in revolutions instead of years.—*The Humorist.*

MAYBE the Hawley-Smoot law is not perfect, but the Tariff Commission is always ready to correct mistakes and relieve distress. It has reduced the duty on Salvation Army bonnets.—*The New Yorker.*

IN America, last week, an asylum inmate who was discharged as cured took the next train to Chicago. The asylum authorities are now wondering whether their decision was a little premature.—*The Humorist.*

RUSSIA has abandoned the equalized-pay system and has adopted the capitalistic theory of pay according to skill and ability. All that remains now is for the capitalistic countries to follow suit.—*Lynchburg News.*

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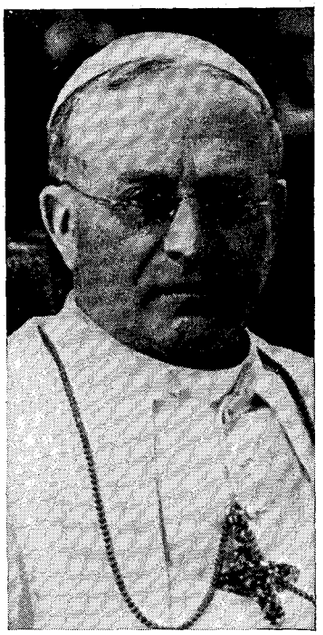
What's Back of the Italian Imbroglio?

WHEN MILITANT FASCIST YOUTHS mobbed clubs of the Catholic Action Society in Rome, because they felt that the Azione Cattolica, as it is known, were politically active in anti-Fascist movements, many looked on and said tolerantly that young folks must have their fling.

The rampancy of the Fascist boys was attributed to their ardor for the cause to which they have pledged their labors and their lives.

But when these Fascist enthusiasts stormed the headquarters of the Catholic newspaper, *Civilta Cattolica*, stoning the windows and committing other depredations, including the burning of a book entitled, "The Pope," in a bonfire in the Piazza Colonna near the Foreign Office, people began to suspect something serious.



Keystone photograph

"A Traitor to His Country!"

That's what Fascist youths called Pope Pius XI, trampling his portrait in the street.

To cap the climax, the young Blackshirts carried an oil-painting of the pontiff into the streets, and trampling on it cried: "Here is a traitor to his country."

Meanwhile Rome dispatches inform us that Premier Mussolini ordered more than 10,000 Catholic clubs in Italy dissolved. The clubs are branches of the Catholic Action Society, composed of more than 500,000 men and women, boys and girls, and said to be the principal Catholic lay organization in the country.

At the same time, we learn from the press cables that Premier Mussolini also used his dictatorial powers to prevent any more clashes between Fascists and Catholics, and, at his direction, the Fascist authorities intervened to recall their followers to their duties and discipline.

THE rioting in Rome and elsewhere in Italy is said to have found fuel in the smoldering feud that has existed for some months in the official relations of the Italian State and the Vatican City. This is a great disappointment to those who believed that the conflict between the Vatican and the Government of Italy since 1870 was ended with the signing of the Concordat between Pius XI and Mussolini, in 1929.

Cable dispatches to THE LITERARY DIGEST from Rome report the grave charges of the *Lavoro Fascista* (a Fascist organ), that Article 43 of the Concordat has been violated, and that the Azione Cattolica's political activities have been "proved by documents." Recent secret meetings of the Azione, this paper alleges, have "debated explicit proposals for supplanting Fascism," and it goes on to quote a leader of the Azione as having stated in *Civilta Cattolica* for September 9, 1930, that:

"If the Azione Cattolica's tasks are especially religious, as defined by Article 43 of the Concordat, they must not cease to be, at the same time, social, inasmuch as this prepares its adherents for social purposes; and it is political, as it makes for the common good with laws and institutes conforming to the Christian doctrine."

SARCASTICALLY, then, *Lavoro Fascista* declares that "Azione packed its proposals for supplanting Fascism into the Concordat," and it adds sharply that, while "Fascism is most respectful to religion and Catholic principles, it will never tolerate attempts to introduce confusion and subtle interferences." Further, *Lavoro Fascista* declares that:

"The evil appears to be extreme. It is, therefore, the moment to have recourse to extreme remedies."

The violent outbreak of the friction that has been veiled for a number of weeks between Pius XI and Mussolini, we are told, was precipitated to a degree by the editorial debates between *Lavoro Fascista* and *Osservatore Romano*, sometimes called the spokesman of the Vatican. Referring to *Lavoro Fascista*'s first attack, the *Osservatore* branded it as "glaring falsehood," and charged it with "misleading interpretations of phrases, or sheer invention."

Underwood photograph

"No More of This!"

That was the supreme word of Mussolini to bring Fascist youths back to discipline.

Meanwhile this Vatican defender remarks:

"The Holy See's attitude in the present events is that it feels there is not the slightest desire that the Concordat should be broken.

"On the contrary, it desires the Lateran agreements fully maintained with that same spirit of harmony and cordiality with which they were concluded. It is desired that the Concordat shall not be considered as a scrap of paper to be left aside at will, or violated arbitrarily or one-sidedly.

"It is desired that the Concordat be considered as an international pact to be honored by both sides according to the principles of international law."

AS the editorial flails in Italy flew faster, without clearing up the situation very much, cable dispatches inform us that both Mussolini and the Pope urged editors in Italy to refrain from comment while negotiations toward settlement were being pursued: A cable dispatch from Rome to THE LITERARY DIGEST advises us that:

"There has been little actual editorial comment throughout, both sides conducting their attacks merely by listing outrages against each other."

But outside Italy keen interest is shown among the press, as disclosed in a cabled poll by THE LITERARY DIGEST, because of the political import of the friction at Rome. In England, for instance, the London *Daily Telegraph* remarks:

"The danger is not so much one of aggravated disorder as of opening an incurable breach between the Fascist State and the Vatican, whose relations had, it was hoped, been happily adjusted by the treaty which was concluded two years ago.

"The quarrel is an outcome, that was to have been foreseen, of

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the conflicting claims of the Church and Fascism to influence the molding of the younger generation of Italy. The treaty did nothing to reconcile that conflict.

"Long ago the Duce declared: 'Education must be ours,' and on another occasion: 'The young belong entirely to us, and must frequent only those institutions which the régime has established for them.'

"The inevitable denial of that principle by the Papacy is now being interpreted by Fascism in the sense of intention to establish a rival political party, and the suspicion arouses a certain amount of nervousness.

"Outwardly the régime was never so strong. Its achievements for Italy are unquestioned. But the uprising of the present trouble is hardly to be regarded as a quite healthy symptom."

RATHER cynical, especially for so Liberal a journal as the Manchester *Guardian*, is its remark that:

"All is quiet in the realm of Mussolini, but not quite so quiet as a few weeks ago. Tussles between Fascist and Catholic students of both sexes in the streets of university towns lately have become more frequent—how frequent it would be possible to know if Italian newspapers were permitted to report the facts.

"The culmination in the present phase of Fascist hostility against Catholic organizations was reached with the forcible closing of the premises of all such associations in Rome by Mussolini's orders to enable the Fascist police to examine their archives.

"Yet it may still be said all is quiet in Mussolini's Italy.

"Indeed, the country is more than quiet, it is deathly still."

In France events in Italy are studied with absorption, and from varying view-points. The Paris *Soir* remarks:

"The formula of the alliance could be only the most chimerical, inasmuch as neither Fascism nor the Church had any intention of diminishing its prerogatives. Bad faith presided over the negotiations for the Lateran Treaty."

Making It Harder and Harder to Shake Hands

—Shoemaker in "The Daily News" (Chicago).

SIMILARLY skeptical about the Concordat, the Paris *Journal* declares: "Reconciled with Italy through the will of Fascism, the Church now is obliged either to collaborate closely with Fascism or turn against it.

Then the Paris *Ere Nouvelle* avers that "Fascism has taken on the character of a religion to which it wishes to make the Roman Catholic Church subservient." Turning to the Pope's contention that the Church must have the say about the upbringing of Catholic youth, the Paris *Quotidien* observes:

"The Vatican and Chigi Palace can not exercise simultaneous action on the youth of Italy without prior agreement, depending upon circumstances. The Duce underestimated the mission of the Holy See, which deals not with time but with eternity.

"The Pope, restored to a part of his temporal authority, could not sacrifice in exchange any part of his spiritual force in the world.

"The Pope would have been only a dupe to submit the doctrines of the Vatican to those of Fascism. The struggle reminds us of others in the course of history when the Holy See and absolute sovereigns opposed their differences—they terminated rarely to the advantage of the adversaries of the papacy.

"Mussolini had better be careful."

Up Goes Canada's Tariff

"TEN YEARS TOO LATE!" is the disapproving mark the Vancouver *Sun* (Ind. Lib.) puts on the new tariff regulations announced in Ottawa, June 1, by Richard Bedford Bennett, Canada's protectionist Prime Minister.

They are immediately effective, but that does not lessen the indignation of this Vancouver daily that the Bennett budget will lead to a "tooth-and-claw competition" for an already diminishing volume of business.

In sharp contradiction the Montreal *Herald* (Ind.) reports that the Bennett budget "brings to an end any grounds for the claim that Canada is a commercial appendage of the United States."

In the main the fault found by the Liberal-Independent press of Canada is that the new tariff scale is retaliatory and belligerent, and thus lacks a constructive basis for the development of industries.

On the other hand, Conservative journals stand stanchly behind the sixty-one-year-old bachelor Premier and Minister of Finance, who has accomplished almost single-handed what the Toronto *Globe* terms "the herculean task" of tariff revision.

BUT all editors in the Dominion, known as "Uncle Sam's best customer," show in a telegraph poll by THE LITERARY DIGEST that they are keenly conscious of the magnitude of the trade relations between Canada and the United States. News dispatches inform us that for the fiscal year Canada's imports amounted to $906,600,000 and her exports $817,000,000. The United States provided imports to the amount of $584,500,000, and we bought as a nation Canadian goods to the amount of $364,000,000. The Canadian fiscal year ends on March 31.

Washington economists figure that the new rates will affect not less than $200,000,000 worth of United States exports to the Dominion. Says a statement of the United States Department of Commerce:

"Of the commodities of particular interest to American exporters, the increases in duties include foodstuffs of various types, especially prepared foods; coal, automobiles valued over $1,200, certain structural materials and steel products, particular classes of machinery, household linen, watches and clocks, and toys. Used automobiles are prohibited importation, excepting as travelers' vehicles or settlers' effects. Notable is the levying of a duty of fifteen cents a pound on magazines and periodicals (other than religious, educational, or scientific), this duty being limited to the United States and other countries paying general duties."

The Vancouver *Province* (Ind.) explains the increasing complexities of our neighborly relations:

"It is still probable that more goods pass over the Canadian United States boundary in the course of a year than over any other frontier in the world. Both countries want this trade, but both throw obstacles in its way."

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This is no time to erect barriers, cries the indignant editor of the Vancouver *Sun*, but for constructive trade measures:

"Had the Bennett Budget been written by Mackenzie King ten years ago it would have headed off the United States' Fordney tariff against Canada.

"It would have served notice on other countries that Canada was anxious and willing to talk trade, but at the same time was not afraid to fight.

"The international trade psychology of ten years ago called for combat. To-day it calls for terms of friendly negotiations.

"Ten years ago Canada needed a fighter; to-day she needs a *David Harum*, and Mr. Bennett's belligerency against the United States and Russia is ten years out of date.

"The books have been balanced, but the complete lack of any creative program for national upbuilding stamps the budget as a colossal failure in statecraft.

"Instead of bringing new business to Canada, the Bennett policy for Canada, like the Hoover policy for the United States, forces Canadians into a tooth-and-claw competition with each other for an already diminishing business volume."

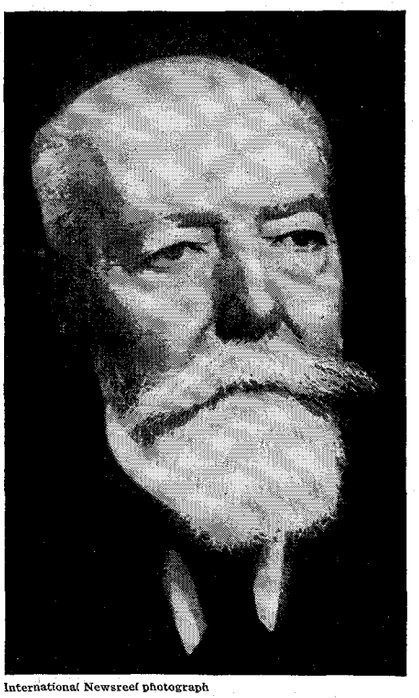
BUDGETS are not pleasant to study in times of falling revenues and rising expenditures, notes the less excited Vancouver *Province* (Ind.), but at least, it is convinced this "is an honest budget":

"Mr. Bennett was returned to power on a high-tariff platform, and he continues to implement his promise.

"A large number of increases were made at the September session of Parliament. Now there are increases in 200 or so items.

"The object obviously is to protect Canadian industry against assaults from without. But even here the desire to raise a revenue is not forgotten.

"There is a 1 per cent. excise on all imported goods, whether free or dutiable, and a duty on containers as well as commodities. The new duties touch a number of food products, and should be of some assistance to the farmer."



International Newsreel photograph

France's Perpetual Candidate

As he is called by the facetious in Paris, who marvel that the thirteenth President wears nightshirts instead of pajamas, and has never drunk or smoked in his life.

The London (Ont.) *Advertiser* (Lib.) nevertheless thinks the new budget will be a "calamity," particularly for the Canadian farmer. The Toronto *Star*, also Liberal, makes more specific criticism, especially on the heavy taxes imposed on magazines and motor-cars:

"It is a prohibitory tax on much imported reading.

"The reading matter of the public is to be interfered with, not on consultation with the readers, but with some of those who publish reading matter.

"The tariff changes affecting motor-cars and parts are important, and again the industry is stalled until it finds out where it stands. But there is comfort for some in recalling that so far Mr. Bennett's tariffs have ranked as in the nature of trial marriages—if they don't work, they can be canceled."

The higher duty on magazines from the United States, explains the Conservative *Mail and Empire* of Toronto, is based on the objection that "they flood this country with advertisements of United States' products".

Canada's tariff provides three rates—British preference, intermediate, and general. The intermediate rate applies to those nations with which Canada has special trade agreements, the general to the United States. The Montreal *Gazette* notes that the "general" list is most directly affected:

"Little change is found in the British preferential list, the increases being largely confined to the general and intermediate lists. Here, again, there are prospective advantages for Canadian agriculture, the higher duties against imported hogs, fresh meats, fruits, etc., being primarily in the interest of the farmer. Leather duties are raised in all three sections of the tariff."

President Doumer's Path of Glory

THROUGH SILENT PARIS STREETS at springtime dawn, on May 14, a seventy-four-year-old man and his wife rode to the Vaugirard Cemetery.

Alert and dapper, not tall but erect, his well-poised head, high and bald at the fore, drooped suddenly as he and his aged wife entered the gray marble tomb of three of the four sons the Great War had taken away from them.

Here they knelt in silent prayer for a time, and having laid bouquets of red roses on the tombstone of their sons, they rode back home.

Thus the man, Paul Doumer, elected the thirteenth President of France the day before, followed the path of his long political career to the glory of the grave of his war-sacrificed offspring.

This action of President Doumer and his wife is taken by the Paris *Figaro* to be an answer to the critics who denounced Doumer as a "war man," as opposed to Aristide Briand, "the man of peace," his chief rival at the elections.

Moving into the Presidential palace, Paul Doumer becomes what certain French newspapers call the "prisoner of the Elysée." But he will be fulfilling the ambition of a quarter of a century, we are told, and receive the reward of his fifty years in the service of his country. An admirer writes in the Paris *Figaro:*

"Mr. Doumer has passed his whole life in the service of France and he gave her his four sons during the war.

"That is why public opinion was for him before the National Assembly cast its votes for Mr. Doumer.

"The passion of duty which animates this honest man has without doubt become the rarest of all passions, but it can accomplish great things, things that endure."

To Stephane Lauzanne, editor of the Paris *Matin*, Mr. Doumer confided:

"Whenever people try to represent me as a 'man of war' I go out to the cemetery and kneel down before the graves of my sons. This is sufficient—for me to swear that as far as I am concerned, never, never again shall we go through the horrors we have seen.

"I have suffered from war more than any one in the world. I have suffered from it in my flesh and in my soul. Why shouldn't I hate war with all my heart and soul?"

THE sacrifice of those four sons made a strong political appeal to conservative elements of the French public. Paris had already honored her new President by naming a street "The Street of the Four Sons of Monsieur Paul Doumer."

All France acclaimed the noble, stoic philosophy of patriotism eloquently voiced in his book entitled "The Book of My Sons."

At seventy-four, Paul Doumer remains vigorous and well-groomed, his admirers in the Conservative Paris papers announce. His generous white mustaches and beard, his large striking eyes set well apart, and his high forehead, reveal little or nothing of his humble origin. Yet Jean Rogier, writing in the *Petit Parisien*, tells us that the father of the new President was the boss of a railroad section gang in Auvergne.

He died soon after the birth of Paul. The mother returned to Paris with her two babies, and was there compelled by poverty to go out to do housework by the day.

At fourteen Paul became a medal engraver's apprentice. He

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yearned for education, studied indefatigably at night schools—and was professor of mathematics in a provincial school at the age of twenty.

In his twenties Paul Doumer became editor of a provincial newspaper. As a result of a disagreement with the owner, he established a paper of his own.

At thirty-one, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies. Defeated the following year, he managed to find a new constituency, becoming Minister of Finance at thirty-eight.

Paul Doumer's early habits of frugality and self-discipline, Mr. Rogier writes, were bound to bear fruit. Between 1897 and 1902, he acted as Governor-General of Indo-China, a post that demanded all the resources of patience and tirelessness.

Since 1906, when he first became a candidate for the Presidency, and was defeated by Fallières, Paul Doumer has been called by some "the perpetual candidate." *Vu*, a pungent Paris weekly, presents this close-up of the elderly President:

"Mr. Doumer is a serious man. He is seventy-four, but does not look it. He has undergone a very strict discipline. He drinks nothing but water, and he has never smoked.

"His most marked qualities are two—purity and austerity.

"His candidacy for the Presidency was no innovation. He has been a candidate since 1906. This exceptional man has always been moved by circumstances. He represents Corsica, country of vendettas and feuds, and really he counterbalances the romance of that island.

"His serenity, his perfect honor, have placed Doumer among the myths. In 1926, at a critical period for the franc, Mr. Briand appealed to him to take charge of the nation's finances.

"The whiteness of his beard, the extreme correctness of his clothes did not, however, suffice to assure the stabilization of the franc."

When a Paris journalist sought to interview the new President, who remains comparatively unknown to the younger generation of Frenchmen, he asked for intimate details. All he found out, reports *Vu*, was that Mr. Doumer wears a nightshirt instead of pajamas.

While Socialist and Left Wing papers like *Volonté* and the *Populaire* rage against this "idol of the bourgeoisie" as a mere reactionary robot, and publish cruel caricatures of Mr. Doumer, the *Journal des Débats*, the Royalist *Action Française*, the Coty press *Figaro* and *L'Ami du Peuple*, the *Temps*, the *Echo de Paris*, and the *Intransigeant*, feel that in its choice of Doumer "the country has demonstrated its vitality, and public spirit has shown its independence in repelling something that shocked French instinct."

It was, apparently, rather the defeat of Briand than the victory of Doumer that sent the latter to the Elysée palace.

The London *Times* thus comments on the "neutrality" of France's new President:

"In the heat of the election campaign in Paris Mr. Doumer has been referred to as 'the man of war' in contradistinction to his rival, 'the man of peace.'

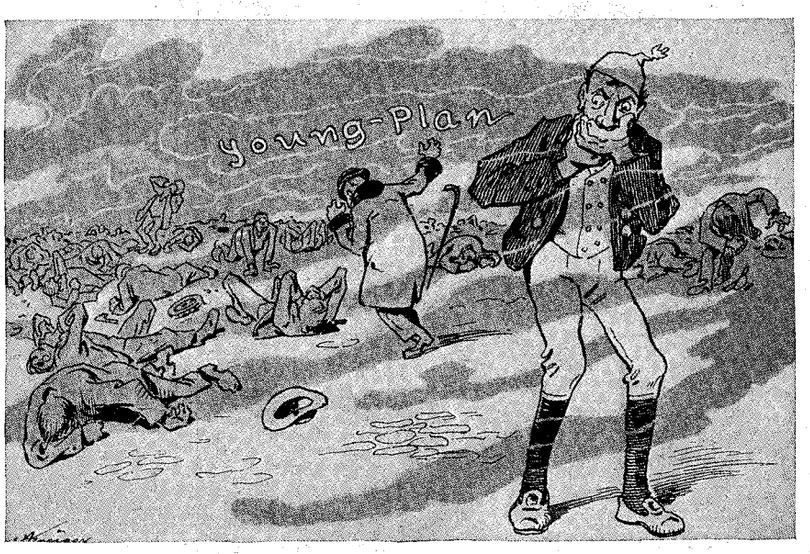
"But the words applied to Mr. Doumer are, it need hardly be said, almost slanderous in their injustice."

Germany's Hope in Uncle Sam

"HAVE A HEART, UNCLE SAM," plead various German newspapers, that look to the United States to take some of the "poison gas out of the Young plan."

This question of relief agitates such organs as the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, and the Socialist *Vorwaerts*, which declare that Germans can expect no easing of their money burdens until Uncle Sam waves his magic wand of mercy.

Meanwhile, German editors in general follow every development of American politics and fiscal conditions with avid eyes. And in France such journals as the Paris *Midi*, the *Journal*, and *Liberté*, together with certain English newspapers, including the London *Daily Telegraph*, assure the Germans that their only hope lies at Washington.



The German Lamentation

"How much longer must we stifle with the poison gas of the Young Plan?"
—"Kladderadatsch" (Berlin).

"America to-day holds the first link in the war debts," says A. L. Jeune, financial editor of the Paris *Midi*, who adds:

"To Washington Germany must address her demand.

"The United States forged the first war-debt chain. Britain does not seek repayment, except in the measure in which she must pay the United States.

"Revision of the Young plan is, therefore, transformed into a German-American problem."

"The United States receives, indirectly, about 60 per cent. of Germany's reparations payments during the first thirty-seven years," explains the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and "all the German payments from 1966 to 1988 may actually go to the United States." But this famous newspaper admits that:

"It is not to be expected that America will accede to any reduction by two-thirds of the German payments under the Young plan or even encourage discussion of such a thing.

"For the United States Government is wrestling in dire need with a project for increasing taxes.

"Not until there is a revival of American business or a reduction of the American taxpayer's burdens would it be reasonable to expect any American inclination to meet Europe half way.

"We are not likely to witness any largeness of gesture from America until after next year's Presidential election."

Also, journals of such diverging views as the Socialist *Vorwaerts* of Berlin and the Conservative *Hamburger Nachrichten* see only one ray of hope on Germany's dark horizon—the return of American prosperity. Says the *Hamburger Nachrichten:*

"As recently as 1929, America got from the amortization and the repayment of war debts some $200,000,000.

"If this sum is now lacking, America must make it up by taxing her citizens, and this her citizens will not take serenely.

"The Republican party, already facing difficulties enough, will not be at all inclined to incur this fresh embarrassment.

"It would seem, nevertheless, that British finance has won this much in the way of a concession at Washington: the European Powers must first come to an understanding among themselves on the subject of the war debts and the tribute payments exacted from Germany."

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Toscanini "Disciplined" by Italy's Fascisti

THE TOSCANINI AFFAIR AT BOLOGNA began as a youthful shindy, and bids fair to end as an international controversy.

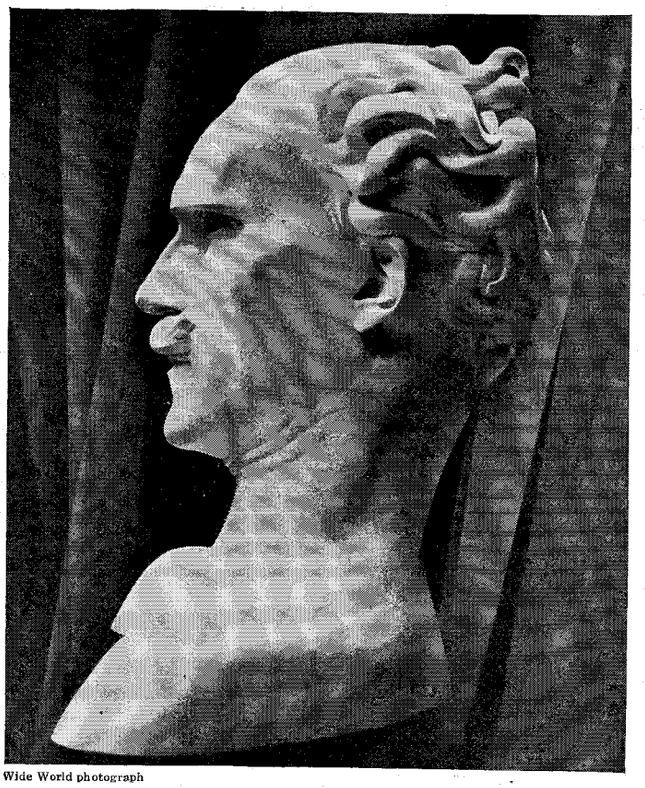
Mr. Toscanini's expressive back as he stands before an audience easily conveys his reactions to his hearers' behavior.

What he did when assaulted before the opera-house in Bologna is not recorded, but one can imagine no greater shock to one whose weapon to control numbers before and behind him has only been a slender baton.

His spare form, gray hair, and highly intellectual features suggest anything but pugnacity. Yet he rarely fails to get his way.

The great conductor's aversion from the Fascist hymn, "Giovanezza," is not a new thing. He has even before this omitted it in his native country.

But he has never before had his face slapped and been otherwise roughly handled by irresponsible hooligans, for his recalcitrance.



Wide World photograph

His Back Up Against the Fascist Hymn

Toscanini portrayed in a character study by the Italian sculptor, Adolfo Wildt.

A SECOND affront was said to have followed Mr. Toscanini's return to Milan. A New York *Times* special cable from Paris states that "friends of Arturo Toscanini in Paris today were able to telephone him at his home in Milan and obtain confirmation of a report that his passport was taken from him and that he was a 'voluntary' prisoner in his house." Credence was added to this by a report that Mr. Mussolini disclaimed responsibility, and declared it a matter between the musician and the prefect of Milan.

Later reports deny that his liberty was taken from him, and say that his seclusion was only a means of protecting him from further annoyance.

Paris papers, so the New York *Times* prints, have withheld any comment on the affair. Perhaps they recall that recently a determined effort was made to prevent Felix Weingartner from conducting concerts in Paris on the ground that he had been hostile to France during the World War.

No such reticence is displayed by the American press, tho only one or two remember that Karl Muck, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was disciplined here for refusing to play "The Star-Spangled Banner" at a concert in Providence, Rhode Island.

But that was during the war itself.

The most conspicuous reaction outside Italy is the refusal of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky to fulfil his concert contracts in Milan in June. He is reported to have declared that the treatment of Toscanini was "a disgrace to the Italian Government," and savored of Soviet Russia, from which he had escaped.

American papers comment freely, but are not unanimous in the views they take. To some it seems but a conflict of temper and temperament. The Springfield *Union* holds a balance:

"Toscanini, it is to be feared, is somewhat lacking in this saving grace of humor. However, that does not excuse the vicious assault upon him or his peremptory dismissal from Bologna, altho his stiff-necked attitude is to be considered in distributing the blame for the unfortunate incident. There was bad judgment on both sides."

THE Minneapolis *Tribune* is more lightsome:

"Toscanini, no doubt, is enjoying some of the delights of martyrdom, which are not inconsiderable in number and quality. The Fascisti who knocked him around are likewise glowing with the warm consciousness of affirmative patriotism. So it can be suspected that a pleasant time was had by all."

Flippant is the Montgomery *Advertiser:*

"As we understand it, Toscanini claimed that his refusal to play the selection was based, not on political, but on artistic motives, as he thought the hymn was out of keeping with the rest of the program.

"In view of all this much ado about little or nothing, it seems historically fitting that this Italian city should have given its name to a sausage, which in turn is used as a synonym for nonsense in the American vernacular."

THOSE who take strong views on the question of the divorce of politics and the arts see little but tyranny in the treatment of Toscanini. Heywood Broun, as usual, is of no two minds in his *World-Telegram* column:

"The comment goes, as I understand it, that the Fascist régime has scored a great success because the trains of Italy now start and arrive at their destination more closely to schedule. But there is a limit to the Duce's power. He has not as yet been able to make Arturo Toscanini beat time.

"No more petty and contemptible use of tyranny has been known in the modern world than the petty persecution of a great artist. There can be in the minds of musicians no possible question that the conductor was living up to the best of artistic traditions in his refusal to open his concert with the Fascist hymn. But even if Toscanini had been wrong he would still have acted well within his rights. For since when did a dictatorship have the power to question the judgment of a genius?

"Mussolini, I believe, is, among other things, an amateur musician. In the presence of a man of Toscanini's stature Benito is lucky to be able to get in on a pass to stand in the back of the theater. Even if one accepts the most optimistic version of the achievements of Mussolini, not one of them includes anything as glorious as the personality and supreme ability of Toscanini."

"This humorless procedure," says the Philadelphia *Record*, "would be pathetic if there were not a sinister note in it." More:

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"In Italy, apparently, as in Russia, Germany, and now Spain, the amenities of life have been sacrificed to an egregious and constant display of the militant, nationalist spirit.

"A whole new lexicon of fighting words has been evolved. Under the driving urge to remake the nation into something like old Sparta, graciousness and the smile seem to have vanished.

"This kind of moral righteousness, which regards the non-playing of an anthem as a mortal offense, is what makes wars, causes lynchings, and creates a lot more of human troubles.

"It is a pity that so many world movements have as their mainstay men who can't see beyond the symbol, and who, in their inhuman concentration on the symbol, commit offenses against everything that is good in daily life."

THE Baltimore *Sun* has only pity for Italy:

"For in Italy they suffer chronically from the war fever, even in peace time.

"Every morning, no matter how placid the international scene, good Fascists must arise and go about the day with taut nerves and suspicious glances, seeking ever a slur on the national honor.

"It must be exhausting. This Mussolini doubtless has his good points; but the way he keeps his subjects keyed up is downright inhuman."

According to Prince Pignatilli, Il Duce told *Universal Service:*

"We shall not give excessive importance to a banal incident. There has been no official communication and we have no intention of making one.

"The affair is being handled by the Prefect of Milan, who must arrive at his own solution."

The Cover

TO Mr. Ferris's historical series comes another dealing with the romantic side of Washington.

Romance was not, however, a dominating element in Washington's nature, as will be seen from the note Mr. Ferris has prepared to accompany his picture, adapted, he explains, from the Custis "Memoirs":

"In 1758, Colonel Washington, while crossing the ferry, called William's, over the Pamunkey, a branch of the York River, met one of those personages who give an idea of the Virginia gentleman of the old régime, the soul of kindness and hospitality.

"Washington urged that his business at Williamsburg was pressing, but the gentleman, whose name was Chamberlayne, would hear of no excuse for not accepting his hospitality; Washington was a name and character so well known to all Virginians that continuing his journey was entirely out of the question. Chamberlayne intimated that he would introduce his friend to a young and charming widow then beneath his roof, and Washington capitulated.

"He was introduced to various guests, and above all to the charming widow. They were of an age when impressions are strongest.

"The lady was fair to see, of fascinating manners, and splendidly endowed with worldly goods; the hero, fresh from early fields, was redolent of fame, and of imposing and attractive person.

"The sun rode high in the heavens the ensuing day when the enamored soldier took horse and sped his way to the seat of government, where having dispatched his public business he retraced his steps, and at 'White House,' Martha Custis's estate, the engagement took place, with preparations for the marriage.

"Tradition says that when he came to her residence he was ferried over the river by a slave, who, when asked 'Was his mistress at home,' replied 'Yassah, I reckon you's de man what's expected.'

"The lovers did not meet again until their marriage on the following 17th of January, 1759."

Japan Becomes French

Altho "Cyrano" serenades a male "Roxane."

Cyrano a Hit in Japan

JAPAN HAS TAKEN OVER Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," and is doing it in the French manner.

This is the second effort of the Japanese stage with this essentially French piece—the first one, in Japanese dress, did not come off so well.

Now the undertaking has been attempted in the hands of the Imperial Theater of Tokyo, in a translation by Mr. Tatsuno, a professor in the Imperial University, with assistance in the interpretation from the Comtesse de Martel, wife of the French Ambassador.

The performance, in staging and costume, followed as near as possible the French manner, and the occasion of the première, as we learn from *L'Illustration* (Paris), was in effect a French gala.

Essentially French as this play is, it might have happened that the Imperial Theater would have broken with its traditions to give a Japanese actress a chance to see what she could do with a French feminine rôle. For Japan has actresses also. Have we not seen the charming Sada Yakko? But—

"The tradition of the Japanese theater requires that all female rôles be interpreted by male actors. What is more, *Cyrano* requires a multiplicity of scenes very characteristic of a world and an epoch totally strange to the Japanese public.

"In spite of these obstacles, an attempt was made some years ago to produce the play in one of Tokyo's large theaters, with scenes and costumes that were purely Japanese. The adaptation, however, was but little like the original, distorting this heroic play, and quite noticeably modifying the sense and the object which our great poet had meant to give it.

"The experiment which the Imperial Theater has just attempted with the help of the great actors Sadanji and Shôtchô, has shown that the rôle of *Cyrano* can be perfectly pleasing to the Japanese temperament, and that lack of confidence in the technical abilities of the Tokyo producers had been a mistake. The action, supported by a large and well-trained troupe of actors, was portrayed in an appropriate and picturesque setting, and the most minute details had been studied with great care.

"The actor who interpreted the rôle of *Roxane*, M. Shôtchô, naturally enough lent to it a bit of the sentimentality of the Japanese woman. Sadanji, in the rôle of *Cyrano*, knew how to capture some of the traits of the great Coquelin, whom he had formerly seen in Paris.

"His notable achievement was to throw into relief the elements of chivalry and the spirit of sacrifice, which are, in the play, the things that most attract the attention of the public of the two countries, and which appeal most to their otherwise diverse temperaments.

"The French embassy gave its patronage to the production, and the Comtesse de Martel was present in person at the rehearsals, and was not sparing with advice and suggestions. The Prince of the blood and the Princess Asaka, as well as the Princess Li of Korea, were also present at the première, together with the diplomatic corps and the numerous friends which France counts her own at Tokyo. At the end of the performance, the French Ambassador, Comte de Martel, warmly congratulated the principal actors of the play.

"The great success of the performance—the theater is packed nightly—is a renewed evidence of the interest shown by Japan in French ideas."

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Rating the Drama, Films, Radio

SECONDS OR THIRDS, which will you choose?

Miss Helburn of the Theater Guild admits that the theater now takes second place to the movies in the country's affections.

Oh, but we knew that two years ago, grants Whitney Bolton of *The Morning Telegraph* (New York). Then he goes one further and assigns it third place after films and radio.

Miss Helburn's was "a confession wrung unwillingly, and yet I vow that no thoughtful person toiling in the theater has thought otherwise for two seasons."

Such words introduce Mr. Bolton's comment on Miss Helburn's remarks before "nine hundred persons, many of them powers in the drama," gathered recently at the Guild Theater.

Mr. Bolton is a bit grim in his comments:

"We have all, I think, been childish about the fact that the motion-pictures have laid the drama extremely low, and we certainly have been childish about admitting that our precious art is depending for existence more and more on that hard-faced and wretched industry, the films.

"There is no fun in admitting this truth, there can be no balm in realization, but we can do no less than Miss Helburn, and begin candidly to admit that we are licked. Any other course puts us in an unlovely spot somewhere between the stubbornness of a fractious child and the silliness of an ostrich poking himself to the eyes in sand.

"I can't think that Miss Helburn is completely frank when she puts the drama second in the amusement field. Rather, we are third, since the radio, too, has risen to crush us. The only comfort left to us is that, however we may be opprest by the films and snooted by the radio, we manage, somehow, to retain two legs on the intelligence cup.

"The films have not yet got to the point where audiences west of Harmon and south of Manhattan Transfer know satire when they see it or sophistication when it is unreeled before them. The radio still is undergoing agonizing stomach pains whenever one of its artists turns flip and civilized and says a few words that Queen Victoria blushed to hear.

"Until film audiences in the small cities and towns react favorably to intelligent film treatment and until radio audiences react favorably to sound and wise programs, the drama may slick its hair and tighten its tie-knot and walk down the street in pride."

MR. BOLTON tries to extract some "spiritual comfort" from the situation:

"Miss Helburn records that not only do out-of-town audiences prefer and find better understanding in the films, but the film masters themselves are at work killing away what little love for drama does exist. It seems that they buy up theaters and keep them dark for no reason more sane than the wish to keep stray touring companies of the legitimate from having a theater in which to play.

"We shall yet, I suppose, have acting companies giving performances in barns.

"I can't see that we have much to wail about, at that.

"If a majority of a nation prefers Mary Pickford to a magnificent and brilliant Lynn Fontanne, there remains for us no choice. We have no alternative except to create our own personal theater, nurture it with zeal and loyalty, and treat it as a small and exclusive club.

"There will always be thousands who glow to a play, even a hand-me-down play, and chill to a film, even the great and most spectacular super-jewel ever photographed. The antics of certain beautiful narcissists will always seem, to these favored thousands, to be just that—the black-and-white squawking antics of certain beautiful narcissists.

"The fine and poised and moving acting of certain competent players, to these same favored thousands, will always be something to look for, attend, and thrill to.

"Now that we have admitted our lost ground and our perishing prestige, let us go about the work of building the Last Theater, the final refuge for good acting, sound drama, and intelligent art. It will be our place to hospice when the rest of the world is peering at the films and being driven frantic by the beauty of a little moron who can't speak correctly, much less act capably."

Art, the "Red-Haired Stepchild"

MR. TOSCANINI'S PLIGHT brings to mind the whole question of modern dictatorship over the arts. To Elsie McCormick of *The World-Telegram* "art ranks no higher than a red-haired stepchild."

"Dictators, particularly of the Fascist type, are very distrustful of the imagination," and they begin at once to "tie the muses to their chariot wheels."

Her comments have to do with Italy even before the Toscanini episode, and with Russia since Sovietism has been in the saddle:

"I attended a discussion on the subject not long ago, at which a couple of Italian exiles painted a bleak picture of art in a nation consecrated to glory.

"Sculptors are now employed chiefly in doing busts of Il Duce, either with or without laurel leaves. Great musicians, we were told, are being turned as rapidly as possible into bandmasters, and famous writers have been imprest into a vigorous campaign against the national habit of eating spaghetti.

"Artists who do not wish to devote their talents to the Black Shirts have retired to their rural cabbage patches, and are contemplating the scenery in dignified silence.

"So strong is the feeling against non-Fascist art that there have been articles in the Italian press discouraging people from spending much money on concerts. Evidently the hymns of the present régime are supposed to satisfy their musical cravings.

"Even the lighter forms of music are frowned on by the rock-ribbed Fascists. Not long ago an edict issued in the Valle Aurina district forbade romantic youths from serenading girls in the warm spring evenings. If this sort of thing keeps up Italy will become such an artistic desert that the United States will look like Parnassus in comparison.

"Incidentally, one wonders just what a serious-minded Fascist courtship is like.

"Anyway, this attitude will prevent American young women from finding higher-class Italian suitors so much more glamourous than the local bond salesmen."

RUSSIA, as we know, has long tethered art to the national government:

"A representative of the Amkino stated at the same discussion that the music of Rachmaninoff and Tschaikovsky is now officially frowned on. It is supposed to produce melancholy and gentle introspection and is, therefore, considered out of place in a country dedicated to extraverts.

"However, Beethoven's music is considered stimulating to revolutionary workers, and so his works appear on most Soviet concert programs.

"Sergei Eisenstein, director of 'Potemkin,' went so far as to say not long ago that in the perfect proletarian state there will be no art at all. Art, he stated, is simply a desire to escape from reality. In a properly developed Communist society people will find perfect satisfaction in the material life of every day and, therefore, will have no need for taking refuge in the imagination.

"However, I doubt very much that life can ever be successfully tied down to food, sleep, and factory wheels. Also, judging only from a long-distance view, I believe that art has a somewhat better chance in Soviet Russia than in Fascist Italy.

"A class just coming into power always shows great mental energy, as was demonstrated by the bourgeoisie at the time of the Renaissance. Thus a working-class art may come out of Russia that will prove highly interesting, even tho we may not admire all its forms."

"Mixing politics with art," says *The Christian Science Monitor* (Boston), "seems as sensible as mixing alcohol with gasoline," adding:

"In war time, of course, art can escape the chauvinistic hysteria no better than other human activities. The enemy's music will be barred from concert-halls and opera-houses, his paintings from the galleries, his books from the libraries, and his plays from the theaters. His conductors will be interned or expelled as enemy aliens. Citizens who protest will be denounced as traitors.

"Like other attempts at suppression or regimentation, these practises in the long run bring their own penalty and defeat their own ends. The Soviet policy toward art may help to make converts to Communism, but it certainly will nullify Russian art production so long as it continues in force."

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Suicide as a National Habit

FROM THE BRIDGE which spans the rocky gorge of the Arroyo Seco in Pasadena, beautiful garden city of southern California, no less than thirty-two defeated men and women have hurled themselves to destruction.

This Colorado Street bridge has become such a temptation to would-be suicides that the Pasadena police are considering a plan to install safety nets on each side of the bridge.

So reports Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman in his summary of our national suicide record for 1930, published in *The Spectator*, a New York insurance journal.

Suicide is becoming a national habit, "a social problem of the first importance," this authority claims. He advocates the organization of a national society for its study and prevention, with branches in all cities. Dr. Hoffman claims:

"Every student of the suicide problem knows full well that adequate methods of prevention could easily save a large proportion of deaths from self-destruction, which now measurably increase our annual death-rate.

"On the basis of current statistics, the annual loss of life by suicide in Continental United States may be conservatively estimated at between 18,000 and 20,000.

"Unfortunately, there are no means of estimating accurately the number of attempts at suicide in this country which fail, but which in the light of such data as are available, easily reaches 30,000 and probably more.

"In other words, combining the suicides who succeed with those who fail, there are some 50,000 more or less mentally unbalanced persons in this country, of whom every year about two-fifths succeed in putting an end to what is, in many cases, a life well worth saving.

"What is needed is a national organization well equipped to concern itself seriously and effectively with both the scientific study of the subject and methods of prevention and relief in the many cases which can be saved from the ignoble fate of self-destruction.

"The suggestion offers the greatest present-day opportunity to intelligent philanthropy to render service of the greatest possible value to the nation."

THE suicide death-rate of one hundred American cities has increased from 15.4 per 100,000 population in 1900 to 20.0 in 1930, the statistician informs us. Altho it jumped as high as 21.5 in 1908, Dr. Hoffman writes that was an exception. A distinct upward trend occurred during the last decade. The twenty cities with the highest suicide rates are listed by Dr. Hoffman in the following order: Little Rock, Arkansas; Davenport, Iowa; Sacramento, California; San Francisco, California; San Diego, California; Terre Haute, Indiana; Richmond, Virginia; Spokane, Washington; Portland, Oregon; Tacoma, Washington; Denver, Colorado; El Paso, Texas; Jackson, Michigan; Pueblo, Colorado; Indianapolis, Indiana; Oakland, California; Manhattan and Bronx, New York; Gary, Indiana; St. Louis, Michigan; Tampa, Florida.

Dr. Hoffman warns his readers that the rates for Little Rock and Davenport, being based on comparatively small populations, must be accepted with reserve. Commenting on the high suicide rate in California, the Boston *Herald* charitably remarks:

"Pacific coast cities, as usual, report rates above the average. This phenomenon is attributed to the climate and to the fact that many persons go there in a final effort to recoup their health or their fortunes and, failing, take their lives."

DR. HOFFMAN would awaken us from our "national apathy" toward this "endless drama of life and death which, but for momentary press attention, goes unnoticed." After noting the increasing number of those who end their lives by jumping from the higher floors of tall buildings, and the countless cases in which suicide and murder are combined, he concludes:

"The localities indicate that suicides are not limited to large cities, but occur throughout the country, even in the smallest villages, where life is supposed to be free from the harassing anxieties of the modern struggle for existence.

"The nation may well pause and reflect upon the tragedy and sorrow and great economic loss represented by some 20,000 cases of self-destruction, and by possibly 30,000 or more attempts at suicide, which for some reason or other failed of their purpose during the year under review.

"Half of these, I feel sure, could have been prevented; and I speak in the light of forty years of an active interest in the subject of self-destruction, believing that if timely aid and qualified advice were forthcoming at the right time, many a valuable life might be spared.

"Only a national society for the purpose of studying the prevention of suicide, with branches in all the principal cities, can hope to cope with the problem in all its vast and intricate ramifications.

"Society itself is largely responsible for a large share of the annual toll of deaths by self-destruction.

"For it is the shams of our civilization that lie at the root of the evil and are the productive causes of the confusion which inevitably at present drives thousands to seek in suicide the only way out."

ALTHO Dr. Hoffman notes that business depression invariably results in numerous suicides, remarks the St. Joseph *News Press*, he fails to "take into account the effect of the paganism which

Prayer Against Complications

By Raymond Kresensky

Lord, I have studied Thy Revelations, the Manifestations of Thyself to men. I have listened to the words of Royce, Mill, Sanday, Dewey, Fraser, James, Fechner, Gore, Hoeffding, Bushnell, and Croce. Seeking a breadth of understanding, I have read Anaxagoras, Aristotle, Plato, Newton, Archimedes, Leibnitz, Spinoza, and Kant. Anselm, Augustine, Erasmus, Luther, Calvin, Knox, and Wesley have filled me with the elaborations of Christian belief. I have gone to the poets, Tennyson, Milton, Lowell, and Thompson.

Successively I have been Humanist, Socialist, Individualist—Behaviorist, Personalist, Pragmatist, and Utilitarian. Now I waver. God, forgive my weariness with mental machinations. Let me find peace from mental gymnastics.

Boethius, Descartes, Hume, Hegel, and Sabatier sleep with their Christology, soteriology, sociology, psychology and eschatology. Lord, I am weary of the exaggerations of creeds Athanasian, Nicene and Chalcedonian. Give me the simple message of Thy Peace and Love. Give me the gentle Manifestation of the Man Christ Jesus.

Inge, Wieman, Eddington, Whitehead, Jeans, and Einstein stand now at the doors of my mind. I hear the talk of Reason, Values, Reality, Atoms, Relativity, Regeneration, Responsibility and Spirit. God, forgive my weariness with complications mental, and give me the sound of Jesus at the door, and the voice, Behold I stand and knock. Give me His Love and Human Understanding. I ask for nothing more. Amen.

—*The Christian Advocate, New York.*

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gives the individual a right to take his own life, but there is no doubt that this is a big item in the total." But, curiously enough, other editors do not touch the religious aspects of the problem.

The recent suicide in New York of Ralph Barton, the satirical cartoonist, reminds the Camden *Courier-Post* that "three times as many men end their lives as women." There are plenty of causes, but those same causes existed ten years ago—"unless we believe that the pace of modern life has been speeded up to a point where it overwhelms those of weaker will." In any event:

"The suicide problem merits study. With physicians fighting day and night to save life, we have an obligation to find what it is in our civilization which impels increasing numbers of men and women to toss away their most precious possession."

SUICIDE is more prevalent in the Western cities than in the East, comments the Washington *Post*. Yet this daily finds no satisfactory answers to the perplexing questions posed by Dr. Hoffman:

"Not one of the twenty cities with the highest suicide rates is in the East. Four of them are in that blessed land of milk and honey, California.

"Three are in Indiana, but most of the others are in the Far West, where life is supposed to be complacent, and the so-called maddening complexities of modern life are much less in evidence.

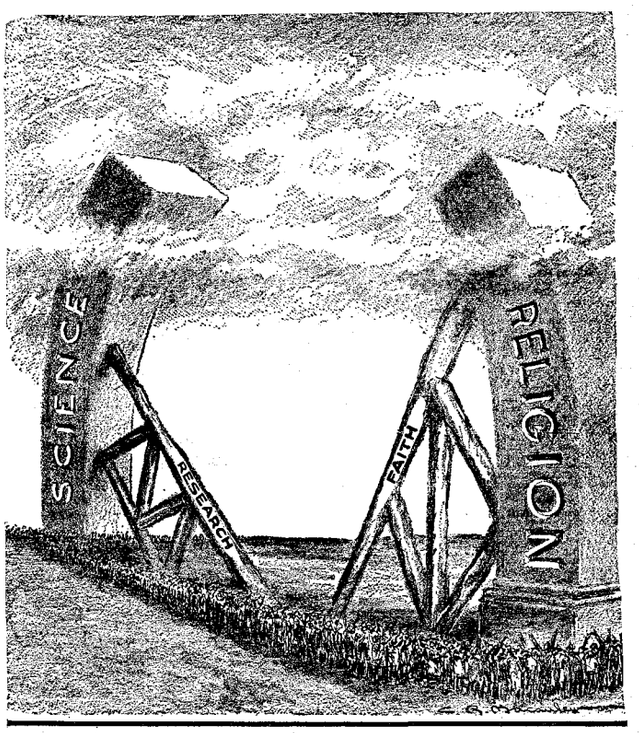
"Dr. Hoffman's study of the subject is sufficient to indicate how little is known about it.

"Why should the suicide rate in the United States be about ten times that of Greece and less than one-half that of Austria?

"Dr. Hoffman rightly concludes that this is a rich field for scientific study.

"It is not too optimistic to suppose that a large share of this shameful waste of human life might be avoided if the abnormalities which result in self-destruction were understood."

The Albany *Evening News* believes that potential suicides can not be considered sane—"they should tell their troubles to some one who could understand and could show them the folly of it." But the Boston *Herald* doubts the feasibility of an organization "equipped to meet all the multitudinous considerations of human life involved."



There Are No Parallel Lines—All Curves Must Meet —Einstein

—Macauley in the Brooklyn "Eagle."

Who's "Dumb" Now?

"DUMB FUNDAMENTALISTS!" The fifth annual report of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, published in its organ *The Truth Seeker* (New York), thus characterizes conservative Christians. But, retorts the editor of the Methodist *Zion's Herald* of Boston, "we are inclined to think that the title admirably describes the Association itself."

Analyzing the "five fundamentals" announced by the annual report of the atheists, headed by the doctrine that "matter, with its indwelling property, Force, constitutes the reality of the universe," the Methodist editor declares that "no reputable scientist in the year 1931 would ever subscribe to this 'creed.' Have these atheists ever read Eddington or Millikan?"

"After the fashion of Biblical literalists, these benighted atheists still believe Herbert Spencer's 'First Principles' 'from cover to cover,' and quote Huxley with pathetic finality.

"In their cock-sureness, moreover, they outdo the 'dumb fundamentalists' against whom they so loudly inveigh. We have never read a fundamentalist tract on religion half so dogmatic as the editorials in *The Truth Seeker*.

"Possibly our atheist friends are obliged to become pontifical in order to bolster up their own weak faith.

"The habit of assertion, and still more assertion, as a substitute for calm reasoning likewise characterizes these atheistic fundamentalists. . . .

"Yes, these atheists are certainly fundamentalists of the worst sort. They have all the earmarks—excessive dogmatism, uncontrolled emotionalism, the habit of exaggeration, and the mood of the Middle Ages. It is simply a case of arrested intellectual development."

A COURSE of study that would modernize the atheists is suggested by the editor of *Zion's Herald*, who claims that these critics of Christianity are fifty years behind the times. Turning critic himself, he says:

"These 'truth seekers' ought to improve their technique and abandon for a while at least empty ridicule, cheap emotionalism, dogmatism, and exaggeration as methods of promoting their cause, and get down to careful reasoning.

"Most of all they need to be brought up to date as to the beliefs and practises of progressive Christianity.

"*The Truth Seeker* on its little stage is for the most part pounding a man of straw—the religion of a hundred years ago.

"Atheists, of course, have a perfect right to their opinions in a land where religious freedom is guaranteed, but they must not expect to make much of an impression upon their intelligent fellow citizens so long as they base their efforts to 'advance' the cause upon obsolete scientific dogmas.

"Why do they not accept the view that this is a living rather than a dead universe, and make their fight upon a doctrine that more and more is compelling the assent of both the best philosophers and the most discerning scientists of the day?

"It is easier to believe that the whale swallowed Jonah than it is to understand how an intelligent man in modern America can espouse the view that 'Matter, with its indwelling property, Force, constitutes the reality of the universe.'"

Where the Depression Helps

THE sweet uses of adversity may not be generally apparent in this time of economic stress, and it might be difficult to convince many just now that money is the root of all evil.

But the lack of money has improved life on the campus, according to Dr. J. R. McCain, president of Agnes Scott College. When business goes down, the morals of youth go up, he told the convention of the Georgia Federation of Women's Clubs.

As the Associated Press quotes from his address, he went on:

"The depression brought less spending money for youth, and less opportunity to youth to gratify reckless desires. As a consequence youth for the past three years has been more serious, more sober-minded.

"At many colleges it has been found that the depression has brought higher grades, better and more constant study, and an evident desire to make full use of college training."

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The House That Jack Helped Build

IT WAS SHORE-LEAVE FOR JACK—shore-leave in a big city full of theaters, motion-picture houses, and amusements which do not go in for printed publicity.

He was just off the U. S. S. *Colorado*, which was being overhauled in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, when he looked aloft and saw a sign: "Workers Wanted—Workers Wanted to help in city-wide campaign for funds to finish and furnish the sanctuary."

The sign was painted across the door of the half-completed Central Methodist Church.

And, believe it or not, Jack was back at that church the next Sunday afternoon to attend the Young People's devotional meeting. They shook hands with him, made him feel at home, and a quartet agreed to go down to the *Colorado* to sing for the crew at their Sunday service.

As a result, Jack gave his furlough to the church drive, Madeleine Sweeney Miller tells us in *The Christian Herald*. She does not give us his name, but on the night when the workers met in the half-finished building to bring in their reports, this handsome specimen of Uncle Sam's Navy rose and said:

"I wish you to take one hundred dollars of my salary to put my mother's name in your Chapel of the Incarnation. I am glad to have given all my shore leave to helping you courageous people secure funds to finish your church.

"It is no more than I ought to have done. I can not anchor myself to any church, but in every port I intend to hunt up the one nearest in spirit to the cordial, genuine atmosphere of this.

"I am only sorry that my buddy and I did not discover you as soon as our ship went into dry dock. Cheerio for now."

Courtesy of Madeleine S. Miller

The Sailor

So the Navy had a hand in building this church. The main altar was given by a Lutheran and his wife. But these are not the only striking incidents connected with its building.

"For to this notable cathedral of service, rising at the very crossroads of a teeming American city," says the writer, "three gifts have come whose significance is without parallel in the religious life of the 'City of Churches'":

"Prominent members of Brooklyn Jewry, led by the rabbis of three temples, have presented a mammoth clerestory window, depicting in one lancet, Abraham, Father of the Faithful, and in the other, Moses the Lawgiver.

"From quite as unexpected a source has come another window which will portray St. Francis of Assisi, the gift of the Uniformed Firemen's Association of New York City, many of whom are Roman Catholics.

"And just as I am writing this, word comes that a Christian Scientist has presented the great Jesus window in the front façade, which, when illuminated from within, will present the Christ of Invitation to the thousands who mill around this hub of Brooklyn on their way all over Long Island.

"That gifts from three such divergent angles of faith should come to a single evangelical church can be explained only by the mysterious moving of God's Spirit among men, encouraging them to live out Christ's Gethsemane prayer, 'that they may be one.'"

WHEN it became necessary to rebuild, the congregation of Temple Beth Elohim, we read, loaned their synagog to the homeless congregation of the Central Methodist Church. Courtesies were exchanged; the hard-prest Methodists contributed to the Palestine Relief Fund, and then one day it was announced that the Jewry of Brooklyn would place in the rising sanctuary of the Methodist church a $5,000 window, made in the studio of a leading artist.

The St. Francis window from the Union of Uniformed Firemen of New York City comes as a tribute to their fallen leader, Albert Guiness, whom, we read, they gratefully remember as their organizer and champion when the dangers of their occupation were ill-paid and unappreciated. Mr. Guiness, tho not a member of the Methodist church, was associated with it. When he died, the funeral service, conducted by the Methodist pastor, so imprest the host of his fraternity, we are told, that every year since they have had this same minister hold a memorial service, which is attended by hundreds of firemen.

THE Christian Scientist's gift, says the writer, roots back into the very earliest chapters of Long Island Methodism. In 1784 there were only twenty-four Methodists on all Long Island. Three years later a little "class meeting" was organized in Brooklyn, and, we read:

"One of its original members was a sixteen-year-old girl, who attended the historic John Street Church in Manhattan, but who used to row across the East River to boost along the Brooklyn 'frontier' of faith.

"Marrying, she settled on a farm located at the now teeming intersection of Flatbush Avenue and Hanson Place. When, in 1857, a church was planned for the corner of Hanson Place and St. Felix Street (the site of our new Central Church), Mary Powers came forward with a thousand dollars for the lot, and added to this from her death-bed, shortly after, five hundred one-dollar bills. An inscribed marble slab erected in her memory was retained in the second church built on this site.

"Subway vibrations cracked it, but it was allowed to remain until preparations for our new enterprise began. When publicity pamphlets were prepared for the 1930 drive, some one was prompted to put a cut of this quaint old tablet alongside the handsome pen sketches of the new narthex and sanctuary.

"Surely, through the channels of prayer, the pastor was led to discover a descendant of the little girl who used to row across the East River to church. A woman of ardent faith, she felt deep kinship with her ancestress whose mantle of piety had descended on her. After prayer and illumination, she exprest her willingness to consider the twelve-thousand-dollar Jesus window for the new shrine on the old site, in memory of Mary Powers."

The Other Side of It

AMERICAN MOVIES have frequently been blamed for importing filth into the Orient and the near East, and giving an entirely wrong interpretation of American life.

But now comes news of an American film shown in Turkey which is just the opposite of those about which so much bitter complaint has been made.

"The King of Kings," or, as it is called in Turkish, "Hayati Isa" (The Life of Jesus), was shown not long ago in a theater in Constantinople. It made a deep impression, as an American writes to a contributor to *The Congregationalist and Herald of Gospel Liberty:*

"It is a most remarkable thing for the Turkish Government to allow such a film of the life of Christ to be shown freely here, and not stop it as propaganda.

"Crowds have been going to every performance to see it. It has made a wonderful impression.

"Let me retail one story I heard. When Prof. —— of Robert College went, there was a crowd of roughnecks near him who had evidently come to make trouble; and they were making a lot of noise; he asked them to stop, and almost got into a row with them. But, as the film went on, these young men became very quiet; and when it was ended, they went out perfectly quiet; and three of them came back and apologized for their racket!"

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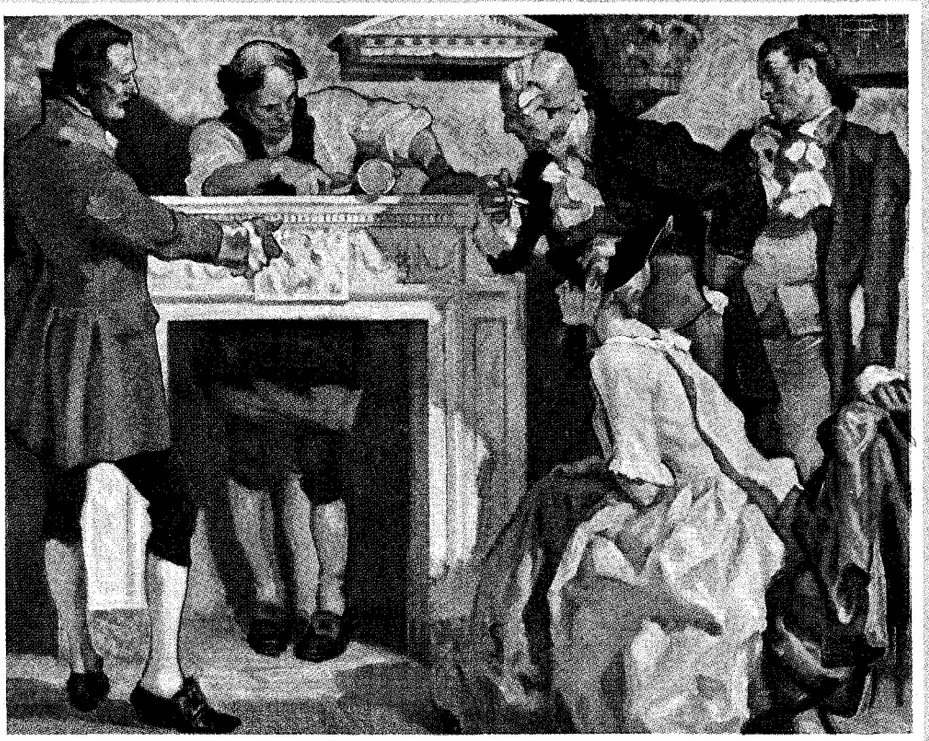
FOR A DISCRIMINATING CLIENTELE

Robert Adam, in 1762 appointed sole architect to King George III, left as enduring a mark upon English furniture as upon British architecture. From facade to fire irons, from chimneys to carpets an Adam house was an exquisite and unified whole. Chairs, sofas, sideboards and mantelpieces—all were designed to fit naturally into the architectural scheme. Thus, perhaps, can Robert Adam be called the first interior decorator. He served a clientele of great taste and distinction



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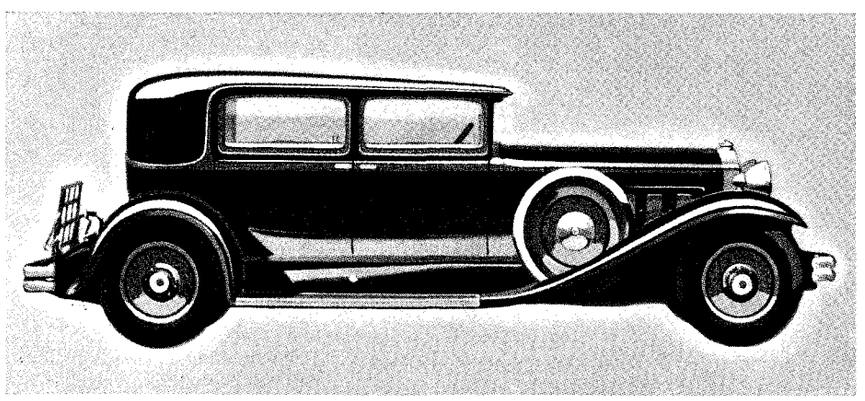

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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Elevators That Almost Think

NOWADAYS THE ELEVATOR-BOY just presses a button—the elevator does the rest.

The remarkable automatic machinery that does the elevator's thinking for it is necessitated, we are told by a writer in the New York *Times*, by the greatly increased speed of the car—two or three times what it used to be. Direct human control would give the passengers fits, and then let them off at the wrong floor.

As it is, vertical travel has now become more exact and more highly developed than horizontal. Will the railway passenger of to-morrow push a button and stop his train at Buffalo? We read:

"The old New York safety rules, now hopelessly out of date, fixt 700 feet a minute as the maximum safe speed. It was dictated by the hazards of the hydraulic elevator, now about as modern as the quill pen or the high-wheel bicycle. Building corporations and engineers want 1,200 feet a minute. Nor is this the limit. Even now engineers talk confidently of 2,500 and 3,000 feet a minute.

"These are not mere fantasies. Speeds of more than 3,000 feet a minute are not rare in deep mine-shafts.

"It is not the attainment of speed that gives the engineers concern, but the limitations of the human organism. To be rushed in two minutes from the ground to a height of 1,200 or more feet may be more than the average office-worker can bear.

"The shortcomings of the human organism have made automatic operation an economic necessity. 'Twelve,' 'sixteen,' 'thirty,' 'forty,' passengers call out as they enter a car. The operator pushes correspondingly numbered buttons and manipulates a switch; the doors automatically close and up rushes the car.

"How nicely the acceleration is calculated! Just enough for physiological comfort—but no more.

"With retardation it is the same. Just before your number flashes up on the indicator, the car automatically slows down to 600 feet a minute. It comes to a stop rapidly, and yet there is no feeling of nausea. The old-time operator has become a mere button-pusher.

"The new high-speed elevator is as tireless and sure as an adding-machine. Heavy doors open and close of themselves. The car always does what it is electrically told to do, with true mechanical sensitiveness.

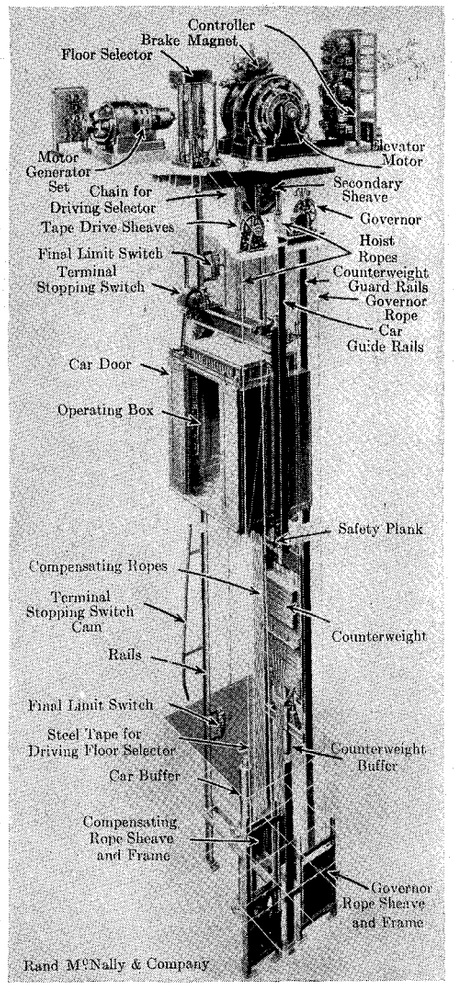
"How all this is accomplished is a long, complicated, technical story. It is enough to know that the process of telling the elevator when it is to start and stop is something like that involved in dialing a telephone number. There is a series of relays and switches, constituting a duplicate in miniature of the building's floors. A contact-shoe slides up and down. The operator pushes button 37. The car starts off and up. So does the miniature contact shoe. It reaches switch 37, and when it does, the car is slowed down and brought to a stop at floor 37. All the other contacts are dead while the car is thus executing your will and its own.

"Here we have a mechanism which is about as human as mechanical ingenuity can make it.

"These modern high-speed automatic elevators are operated exactly as if they were railway cars running horizontally on a track. There is the same careful dispatching according to signals, upon which starters keep a watchful eye. There is even greater safety than in New York's subway.

"No door opens until the car reaches its landing. No car can start until the door is closed, and in some buildings not until every door up and down for tens of stories is not only closed but locked.

"Nothing is left to chance or human error except the pushing of buttons. Vertical transportation is more highly developed than horizontal transportation on railways."



Courtesy of the Otis Elevator Company

Beats Human Control

Automatic mechanism that runs the elevator.

After explaining in addition the plan for operating two or more elevators in one shaft, as described and illustrated recently in these columns, the writer concludes:

"The average cost of service for a single elevator in a forty-story building is about $10,000 annually, even if the space required for shafts and mechanism is worth only $1 a square foot. An elevator to serve the top portion of the tower in an eighty-story building will cost $25,000 a year, on the assumption that the space required is 8,000 square feet, which means $16,000 a year for space alone.

"With such possibilities, it is a foregone conclusion that real-estate owners will not hesitate to build structures even taller than the eighty-five-story Empire State Building, and operate what are, in effect, vertical trains in the elevator shafts."

Movies of the Moon

A NEWS-REEL film of events on the moon and the planet Jupiter was shown to the members of the American Philosophical Society at the last session of their annual meeting in Philadelphia lately.

The astronomer was Dr. Heber D. Curtis of the Detroit Observatory of the University of Michigan. The pictures were made in the McMath-Hulbert Observatory near Pontiac, Michigan, where three amateur astronomers have put in three years' experimenting on the application of moving-pictures to celestial photography. As we are told in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"The first film showed a sunset on one of the craters of the moon. As the sun sank toward its rim, the shadow of a small peak in the center of the crater could be seen growing longer, creeping across the floor, and then up the opposite wall. At the same time the shadows of the crater wall nearest the sun grew larger, and finally obliterated the center of the great depression.

"The second film was of the planet Jupiter showing the peculiar zones or belts that circle its great sphere, and making its rotation plainly evident. After that a view was shown of Jupiter's many moons, speeded up to show many hours of their revolutions about the parent planet in a few minutes.

"The work of taking these films is most exacting, Professor Curtis said; frequently the telescope must be guided with the greatest accuracy for periods of six to eight hours. In the case of the moon special gears had to be calculated and cut because of the rapid motion of that satellite. For one element of the moon's motion a special motor had to be constructed. In recognition of their work as pioneers in celestial movies the three men who built the observatory and made the films have been made Honorary Curators of the Observatory of the University of Michigan.

"None of the three is a professional astronomer. Henry S. Hulbert, when not making celestial movies, is addrest as judge, as he is Senior Judge of the Probate Court of Detroit. Robert McMath is an engineer and manufacturer, while Francis McMath is a consulting engineer."

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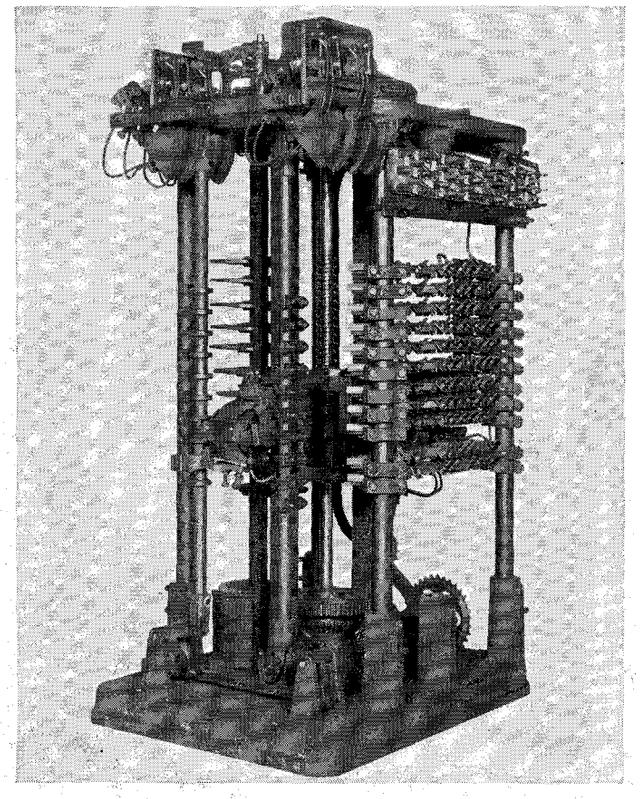
How Insects Pass the Winter

THEY KEEP VERY QUIET, and we may think they are all dead; but that is far from the case, says Glenn W. Herrick, writing in *The Rural New Yorker* (New York). Some burrow into the earth, some hide under leaves; some go to sleep in silken cocoon or woody chrysalis.

Some really give up the ghost, but not until they have laid specially tough eggs, that are able to stand the cold and hatch out by spring.

Some actually freeze without dying, and are quite lively when they thaw out, around April.

The moral for the farmer is, says Mr. Herrick, clean up in the autumn. Kill your pests while the killing is good. Insects have large families. And he continues:



The "Brains" or Selector Which Controls the Car

"During the long summer days the world seems alive with fluttering butterflies, buzzing bees, humming mosquitoes, chirping crickets, strident grasshoppers and myriads of other small insects, while the long warm nights resound to the song of the katydids and the snowy tree-crickets. Autumn comes on, the shrill song of the cicada ceases, the chirping of the cricket dies away, and finally when frost comes in earnest, all evidence of these abundant living things disappears. They have not, however, perished from the face of the earth. Every kind of them will appear again in the spring with renewed energy and activity. Insects have found ways of passing our winter seasons, which are safe and comfortable for them.

"In preparing for winter many insects pass into a quiet, numb condition and sleep until spring. Really, the changes which take place in the body of one of these insects in getting ready for winter are probably very complex. The Colorado potato-beetle passes the winter in the ground as an adult. Before going to sleep, however, it squeezes out, as it were, a large part of the juices of its body. The surplus water in the beetle otherwise would freeze and burst the cells. We can sweat out on a hot day a good deal of water through the pores of our skin, but we can't squeeze out forty or fifty pounds of water in the fall.

"Insects are a bit like folks. Some people are always shivering and hovering over a stove, while others delight in cold weather. The plum curculio crawls beneath warm leaves and grass to pass the winter, but the pear psylla simply crawls into a crack of the bark.

"If we clean up the stone walls, hedgerows, and fence corners and scrape the trunks of the pear-trees clean, we will either drive the curculios, cucumber beetles, squash-bugs and psyllas over to the neighbor's farm, or we will freeze them out by destroying their winter hiding-places. In either case, a good clean-up of gardens and orchards in the fall and winter is a most excellent practise."

MR. HERRICK believes that if he were an insect, he would choose to run the winter campaign as an egg, in which form he could not only defy the weather but could look with scorn upon practically all spray mixtures. He goes on:

"Indeed, the only sure way to kill the eggs of most insects is to follow the old advice given to the man who paid a dollar for a sure cure for the potato-bug. 'Put the bug on a flat stone and hit him with a rock.'

"Many insects pass the winter as caterpillars and grubs. Those black-and-red velvety caterpillars hurrying across the concrete road on warm sunny days in the fall curl up in a furry ball beneath a stone or stick, and sleep until spring. None of these caterpillars and grubs goes down below frost line. Freezing temperature doesn't seem to hurt them if they are not disturbed. But if their sleeping quarters are broken up by harrowing or plowing the ground, they will die of exposure. Fall plowing is often a more effective remedy for some insects than tons of arsenate of lead.

"Finally, there are some insects which pass the winter in a quiet, inactive form, called a pupa. Sometimes the pupa is in a silken cocoon, sometimes it is in an earthen cell in the ground, while in the case of butterflies the pupa forms a chrysalis, which is attached to some object above ground.

"The cleaning up of fields, orchards, and gardens in the fall is sure to destroy many insects in their winter homes. It is unquestionably a wise practise to attract such birds as woodpeckers, nuthatches, the brown creeper, and others, to orchards during the fall and winter. These birds search the trees for the eggs and caterpillars of insects, and for the adult insects themselves. Any preventive methods of this kind will help greatly in our fight against these tiny enemies of ours.

"Altho it is true that most insects pass the winter in some inactive form, there are certain kinds of these tiny creatures which seem to revel in winter days. Indeed, some of them disport themselves over the snow-covered hollows and ridges, among the trees and undergrowth of the farm woodlot or sugar bush. At least one insect inhabitant of more northern regions actually shuns warmth, and seems happiest when resting on its favorite snowbank."

Speed and Skill in Reading

SIX WORDS PER SECOND, or about four and one-half hours for a standard-size book, is good average reading speed, and most people can aspire to reach this seemingly extraordinary rapidity, according to Dr. R. S. Woodworth of Columbia University.

Twelve to fifteen years of age is the critical period when a person is likely to form his tastes in reading. But any one can improve these tastes and can speed up his reading time as well, if he will attack the problem seriously. Says *School Science and Mathematics* (Chicago):

"Interest increases speed in reading, as we notice when we turn from a serious book to an exciting novel. A reader who wishes to read serious books with speed and ease should ask himself questions which he wants answered by the book. The fast reader hurries to answer questions which have arisen in his mind, while the slow, dawdling reader is passive, not looking for anything, and so has no eagerness to press forward.

"The brain, not the eye, determines the speed of reading. The eye can not move steadily, but must move in a series of jerks, with pauses between. These pauses are needed to see the material clearly, but still more to give time for the meaning to be grasped. They take up about 95 per cent. of the reader's time, the small remainder being all that the eye requires for its actual motion across the page, once the eye mechanics of reading are mastered in childhood. The eye as a machine is well able to operate faster than the mind can grasp the sense. Interest, by hastening the grasping process, increases the speed of the reading. The best time to form the habit of reading good books is between the ages of twelve and fifteen, because then the child is no longer interested in juvenile stories, and he will either begin to read sound literature or slip into the tabloid type."

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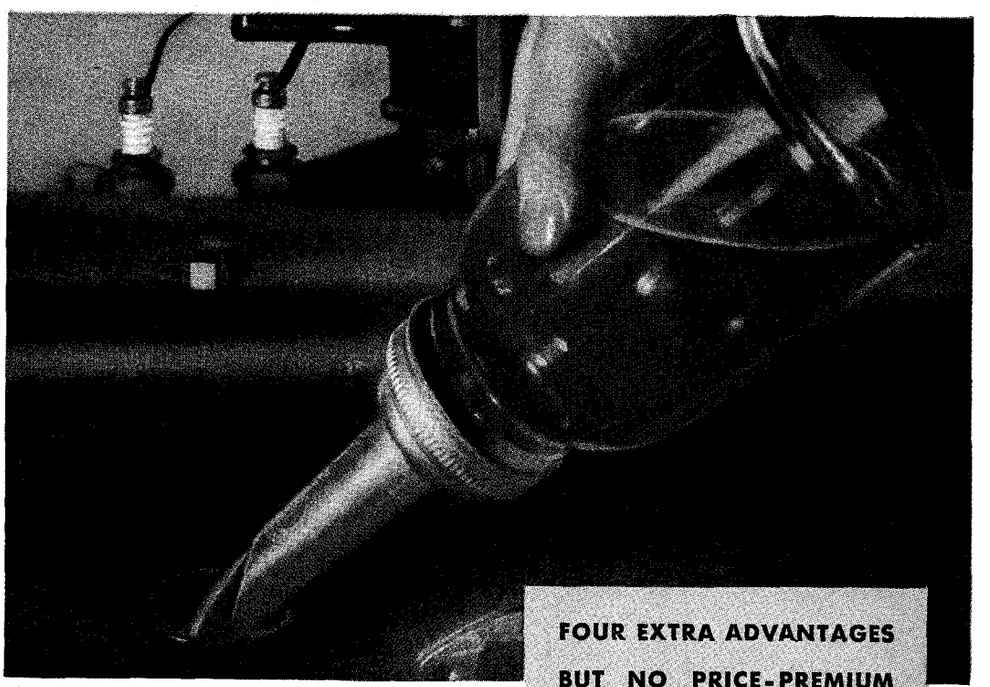

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Why We Reach for That Sweet

TAKE ONE SMALL BOY and place before him two dishes, one filled with spinach and the other with cookies such as grandmother use to make.

Leave the room and try to guess which of the dishes will be empty when you return. Will the boy reach for a sweet or a vitamin?

This simple experiment is sketched by *The Lab Log*, of Colgate University, Hamilton, New York, in its record of a series of reports just completed by two groups of research workers in the Hamilton psychological laboratory concerning the factors involved in every-day eating.

That small boy, it seems, is no exception.

Everybody naturally reaches for a sweet. Sweets stimulate the flow of gastric juices.

The "inside information" is given in *The Lab Log:*

"Many balloons have been swallowed and not a few miles of smoked paper have passed over kymograph drums, recording stomach contractions, flow of saliva, and the response of gastric juices.

"Measurements of the latter have perhaps furnished the most sensational data on the psychological reaction to foods. The rate of gastric secretion was determined by chemical analyses of samples obtained from the stomach. The subject ate a test meal, and at fifteen-minute intervals a sample of the stomach contents was secured through a tube.

"Analyses showed that there is some slight increase in the secretion of gastric juice from seeing, smelling, or thinking about food. The really significant increases, however, resulted from tasting food. Sweet desserts gave the greatest secretion, with meat running second.

"It was found that salty tastes stimulated to a slight degree the gastric juice to flow, while bitter or sour tastes have no effect.

"Sweet tastes are by far the greatest stimulators of gastric juices, and of all sweets a chocolate bar was found to have the greatest effect.

"Chart records indicate that the gastric juice begins to flow as soon as the first taste of food reaches the mouth, increasing steadily until, within about one hour after dinner, it reaches its peak, diminishing rapidly after that time."

BETWEEN one and two hours after eating a normal meal, the Hamilton account adds, the natural flow of gastric juices approaches the vanishing-point. "But unfortunately all the food in the stomach had not been completely digested by this time, and more gastric juices were needed." It was found that:

"Sweet taste acted as the greatest stimulator, and in order to bring the gastric flow back somewhere near the level it attained during the meal, further sweets were given. The results were immediately obvious.

"It is therefore possible to draw the conclusion that a second dessert, taken one hour after dinner, or a few pieces of candy or some sweet cakes, are not only pleasant aftermaths to the dinner but also a valuable psychological aid to digestion.

"The records also permit the conclusion that a sweet taste during the course of a meal—such as sherbet with the heavy course—will help to keep the flow of gastric juice up to full requirements.

"Records of stomach contractions while the stomach is at work digesting food show that salt and bitter tend to inhibit these normal contractions, while sweet and sour have a practically negligible effect.

"The stomach contraction apparatus and saliva recorder were used in this work.

"Sweet and salt tastes had a generally stimulating effect on the flow of saliva, while sour and bitter caused a brief spurt, followed by a diminished secretion.

"The elementary tastes of sweet, sour, salt, and bitter have been used for the experimentation so far, altho some work has been done with complicated foods."

Sunlight Shatters a Comet

GREAT OUTBURSTS OF ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT from the sun may press so hard on the tail of a comet as to break it in two. This is the theory presented in Washington before the American Geophysical Union by Dr. H. B. Maris, of the U. S. Naval Research Laboratory.

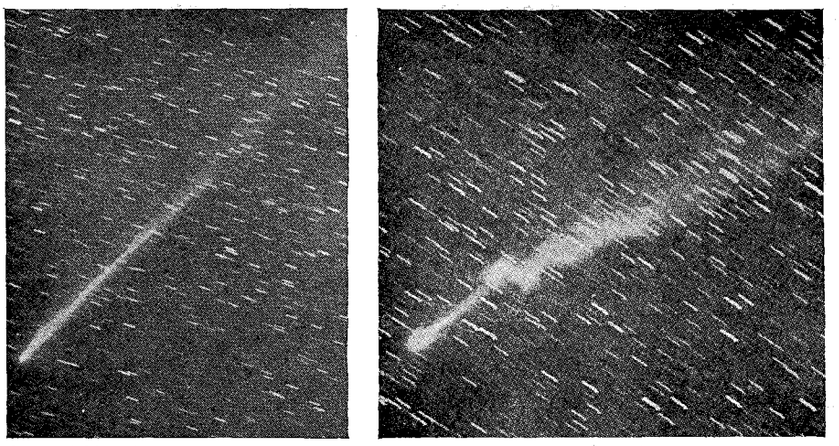
During periods when many sun-spots are visible, the ultra-violet light streaming out from the sun may increase as much as a thousand times. Says *Science News Letter* (Washington), a Science Service publication:

"The atmosphere of a comet is transparent to visible light but strongly absorbs ultra-violet light, which, because of this absorption, exerts a pressure on it.

"The effect on the comet is to create a strong wind in its atmosphere moving away from the sun. Thus, that part of a comet that feels the pressure most may get a violent jolt when a new whirlpool appears in the sun.

"Magnetic storms, those great fluctuations of the earth's magnetic forces, often accompany or anticipate the unusual changes in comet activity. Since the magnetic effects are known to be due to the ultra-violet surges associated with bright spots on the sun, this forms additional support for the new theory.

"Dr. Maris studied records of the great comets of last century. He found that the splitting of a comet was accompanied or preceded in nearly every case by a great magnetic disturbance on the earth."



Courtesy of Science Service, Washington, D. C.

How a Comet Breaks Up

The comet 1908c on successive days, October 14 and 15, showed this mysterious and rapid change in its appearance through the ten-inch telescope of the Yerkes Observatory. Now for the first time an explanation has been given. In agreement with Maris's new theory, a great magnetic storm occurred on the earth at the same time. Surges of ultra-violet light from the sun are believed to cause both effects.

Seaweed to Cure Corroded Boilers

IN CONDENSING an article from *The Marine News* in our issue for May 2d, under the above title, certain phrases were omitted, which caused an unintentional error in the description of a process of purifying boilers by a seaweed preparation which was the subject of the article.

In order to make the matter perfectly clear, we now quote the passage below in full:

"The Algor treatment depends for its efficiency upon the physical properties of adsorption and absorption, and upon electro-chemical properties. To a smaller extent it also possesses chemical properties. This feature is unique, inasmuch as the average treatment depends to the greater extent upon chemical reactivity, and may be said to make chemical reaction tanks of ships' boilers.

"The treatment offered by Feedwaters, Incorporated, is based upon a complete survey of operating conditions and an analysis of the types of water to be dealt with. Through its physical ability to adsorb soluble impurities, it attracts to and holds on the surface of its particles, the soluble salts and dissolved gases. It is well known that dissolved oxygen and carbon dioxide are among the main causes of corrosion."

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Uncle Sam's Spidery Flying Fort

A DURALUMIN COBWEB as big as a sky-scraper, covered with enough fabric to make gowns for 15,000 women—that's the *ZRS-4*, or *Akron*, Uncle Sam's new flying fortress.

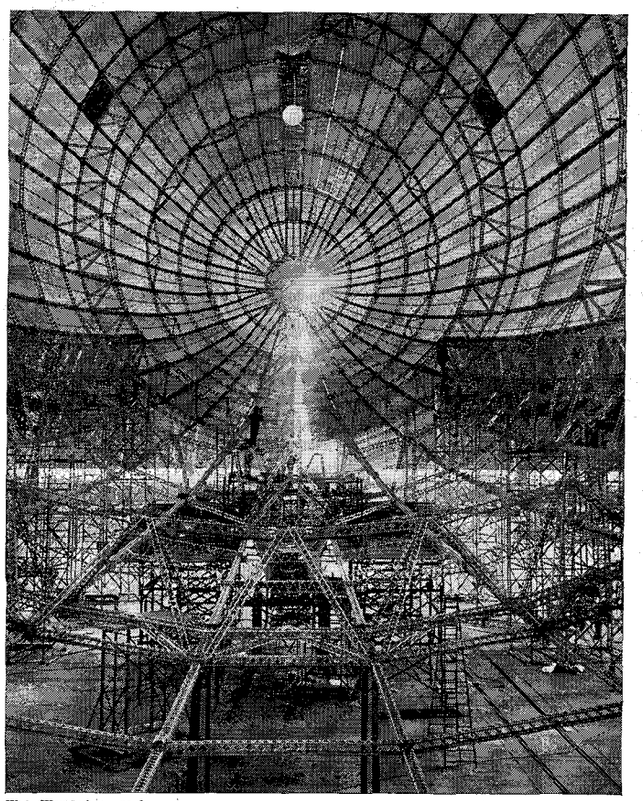
This, the biggest dirigible in the world, will be ready for launching, it is hoped, about the Fourth of July.

The *Akron*, which surpasses in size Germany's *Graf Zeppelin* and England's *R-100* and her ill-fated sister, the *R-101*, is a huge question mark made up of 10,000,000 individual numbered pieces of duralumin, and the answer to it is the answer to the dirigible puzzle.

Is the rigid lighter-than-air craft a practical weapon for the Army and Navy?

This problem is brought forcibly before us by Great Britain's abandonment of this type of airship for military and naval uses, leaving America almost alone in that field. France "has completely withdrawn from lighter-than-air navigation, since the loss of the *Dixmude*," the Baltimore *Sun* reminds us, "and Italy has also abandoned this field since the failure of the ill-fated polar expedition under Nobile."

The building of the *Akron* has been a huge and intricate task. How huge and how intricate may be judged from the statement of Lauren D. Lyman in the New York *Times* Magazine, that the labor involved "superlatives, almost incomprehensible measurements—millions of cubic feet, miles of girders and wire, and acres of fabric—and such minute details as thousandths of inches, the weight of a drop of water, and the saving of tons of carrying capacity by the employment of rivets instead of bolts."



Wide World photograph

A Jonah's View Toward the Skeleton's Nose

Showing quite a few of the airship's 10,000,000 gadgets.

The completion of the *Akron* and Great Britain's abandonment of the dirigible at almost the same time bring the arguments over the practicability of lighter-than-air craft sharply before the public.

THE New York *Sun* captions an editorial on America's solitary position in regard to the military and naval airship "Alone in Folly." *The Evening Post* of the same city, however, feels that the fate of lighter-than-air craft "could hardly be in better hands." For "the best abilities of several nations have been concentrated for the planning and building of the *Akron*." And Americans, *The Evening Post* prophesies in conclusion, "will recognize that the development of the airship becomes almost entirely an American responsibility."

In the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* Magazine, Robert B. Smith quotes David S. Ingalls, Assistant Secretary of the Navy in Charge of Aeronautics, as comparing the *ZRS-4* with the modern cruiser in these terms:

The time required for construction of a cruiser is something more than three years; that of the rigid airship less than a year.

The original cost of a modern cruiser is approximately $15,000,000; one of these rigids from $2,500,000 to $3,000,000, or one-fifth of the cruiser cost. [But, according to the New York *Sun* and other papers, the contract price of the *Akron* is more than $5,000,000.] The operating cost of such cruisers is between $800,000 and $900,000 a year; that of the rigid airship somewhere between $500,000 and $600,000.

Aboard the cruiser there must be approximately sixty officers and 550 men; on the rigid airship, twelve officers and sixty men.

The top speed of the cruiser is thirty-four knots; that of the rigid airship seventy-two and eight-tenths knots.

The cruiser carries on board from two to four planes; the rigid airship five to six.

In connection with Great Britain's abandonment of dirigibles, it is interesting to recall a book, which three or four years ago, just as air travel was receiving its great impetus from Lindbergh's flight to Paris, created a sensation and controversy in England. The book was "The Great Delusion." Its author, said to be a high authority of the British Navy, used the pseudonym "Neon." The book was discust in THE DIGEST of September 24, 1927, at which time we took occasion to observe:

"'NEON' is a pessimist regarding air navigation—a 'devil's advocate' who, with an impressive array of evidence, argues against aeronautics in all its branches, military and commercial, dirigible and airplane."

"Neon," in his argument against lighter-than-air craft cited fuel troubles experienced by the British *R-34* during its transatlantic flight in 1919, and America's *Shenandoah* tragedy in 1925.

But America is optimistic, and is going ahead. Soon the *ZRS-4* will emerge from her Akron, Ohio, hangar (described in THE DIGEST of January 4, 1930). And there may be a *ZRS-5* to follow.

The *ZRS-4* will dwarf all her predecessors, Lauren D. Lyman assures us in the New York *Times*, and in substantiation of this claim, here is a table presented by a Canadian writer, Frederick Griffin, in the Toronto *Star Weekly*:

	Graf Zeppelin	*R-100*	*The Akron*
Nominal gas volume, cubic feet	3,700,000	4,750,000	6,500,000
Length, feet	776	724	785
Maximum diameter, feet	100	132	132.9
Height over all, feet	132	140	146.5
Gross lift, pounds	258,000	341,000	403,000
Number of engines	5	5	8
Total horse-power	2,750	3,000	4,480
Maximum speed, M.P.H.	80	70	84
Range without refueling at cruising speed—land miles	6,125	4,200	10,580

Mr. Griffin, whose story of the *Akron* is one of the most colorful, journeyed from Toronto to the Ohio city to inspect the gigantic craft before it was covered with fabric, while its amazingly

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complex skeleton was still visible. Here are some of the highlights of his narrative:

The *Akron* will be equipped with sixteen high-powered machine-guns and racks of bombs. Inside a sort of marsupial pouch, after the fashion of a kangaroo, it will have hangar space for five fast planes.

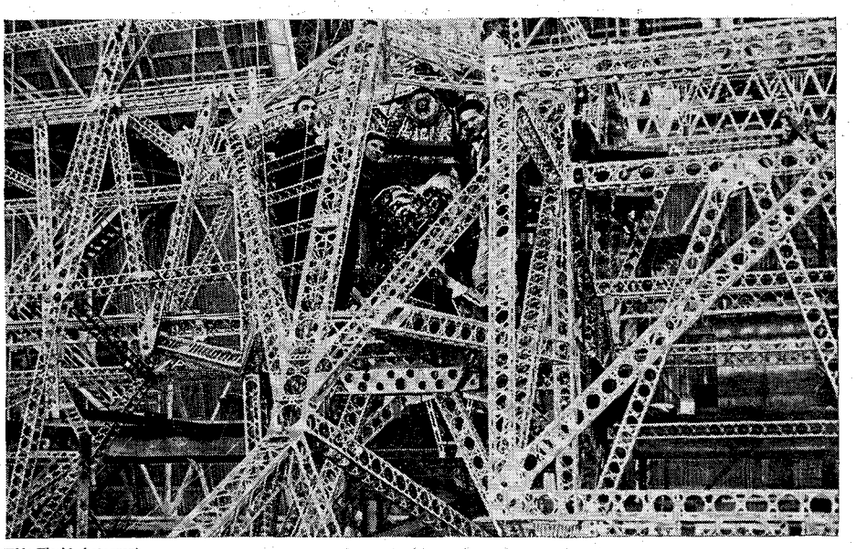
These it will be able to release in flight through an opening by dropping each on a trapeze, from which it will take off. It will be able in flight, by reversing the process, to take them back into its pouch.

Up in the top of the hangar, apparently suspended, is the silver skeleton of the airship, says Mr. Griffin continuing:

I don't think I have ever seen anything more startlingly beautiful than the silver filigree of this whale of an airship shining in the mellow, diffuse light that came in through the big skylight windows of the dock. It was like a Gargantuan web, like one of those dew-touched webs you see in the garden in the morning, only on a colossal scale.

Here, plainly, one could see how strength was given to the ship. There were twelve main frames which formed the torpedo-like carcass. joining these frames or circular ribs were three backbones, one at the top, one along each of the two lower sides.

Each frame, each backbone, was really a series of triangular cross-sections, inherently strong, joined horizontally and vertically to make a framework that would bear enormous stresses and thrusts. This was one of the main points of construction advance over previous ships of this type. In these triangulated ribs, or frames, ran ladders up, which it was possible to climb up the sides of the ship; along the triangulated backbone ran catwalks by which it was possible to traverse it from end to end.



Wide World photograph

Like Flies Enmeshed in a Hopeless Cobweb

These men are installing one of the "Akron's" eight motors.

Lighter frames were set up between the main frames. Cross-beams joined them. Interlaced wires drew them taut, took up stress and strain in every direction.

Thus the skeleton became a duralumin cigar. It was bulkheaded in this same skeleton fashion at each frame. And in between these bulkheads would go the separate gas-bags.

Already there was being fashioned as a protrusion on the underside, not far from the snout, the control carriage, which would be the only wart on the smooth surface of the finished craft. Other airships had protruding gondolas to carry the engines, but in the *Akron* the eight engines, totaling 4,480 horse-power, would, like everything else but the control room, be carried internally. Only the propellers, four on each lower flank, would project.

All over the framework of the *Akron* "men clambered, tiny as gnats in a spider's web," we read as the account runs on:

In this great duralumin cage, which looked astonishingly like a giant toy built with one of those erector or meccano sets boys get for Christmas, men were as flies crawling.

In fact, one scarcely realized that in, over, and throughout this maze of mighty filigree, men were working, joining together, linking, bolting, testing.

Into this ship 785 feet long, 132.9 feet in diameter, went 10,000,000 individual parts.

The metal was this amazing duralumin, the principal ingredient of which is aluminum, which gives lightness, alloyed with copper, which gives strength. Beams were not solid like beams of steel that go into sky-scrapers, but frescoed to cut down even the weight of this light metal to a minimum.

It was this frescoed effect carried to an infinity of degree that made for the beauty of the seemingly fragile framework.

Strength was given to the parts joined up by rivets by tiny flat braces or gussets. There were 54,000 of these little flat plates and 6,500,000 rivets; peculiarly enough, one rivet for every cubic foot of gas content.

Already men were putting on the skin or outer covering, the writer tells us as he proceeds to a description of this process:

In the balloon room of the Goodyear-Zeppelin factory, two miles from the dock, I saw girls changing the bolts of cotton into properly cut strips, and hemstitching this enormous shirt of a dirigible.

Into each strip of fabric girls punched delicately over 800 eyelets, so that the strips might be laced together into a taut unity.

These eyelets or grometts, as they were called, were, like all the rest of the metal, of duralumin.

They were big as the eyelets of a football, but they were light as cornflakes. A handful weighed no more than a fistful of feathers. They ran about 2,000 to the pound.

Men worked against the upper sides of the round, fabric-skinned hull from floating platforms, which hung suspended from the ceiling of the dock, nearly 200 feet above the ground. Others, doping the lower sides of the hull, were elevated from the ground on 80-foot extension ladders like those used by firemen to rescue distrest folk from flaming sky-scrapers.

So much for the sheerest glimpse of some of the *Akron's* immensities. Erection of the dock which had to be built before the ship could be started was begun on April 29, 1929. Building of the airship began on November 7, 1929. It is safe to say that long before next November, two years after, it will have flown.

Its cost will have been $5,250,000. The cost of the sister ship, construction of which has already started, will be $2,750,000. The total will be $8,000,000.

To house the *ZRS-4* and the *ZRS-5* during their construction, the contractors "have built at Akron the largest hangar in the world," we learn from the already cited *Public Ledger* article. As we have said, this building has been described in these pages, but it may be of interest to recall some of the details now. So we quote *The Public Ledger:*

Anticipating a day when even greater airships will be constructed, the building has been built so that it will easily accommodate a craft of 10,000,000-cubic-foot capacity.

The building is more than a fifth of a mile long (1,175 feet, to be exact), 325 feet wide, and 197 feet high. The floor area is 364,000 square feet, much the largest single uninterrupted floor area yet built.

The doors of the structure weigh 600 tons each.

As soon as the *ZRS-4* and *ZRS-5* are completed, it is the intention of the Goodyear company to begin the construction of commercial airships, even larger than the Navy giants, for transatlantic travel.

They will have a gas capacity of at least 7,500,000 cubic feet, or 1,000,000 more than the Navy ships. The structural design of the Navy ships, it is pointed out, may be easily adapted to a commercial ship for carrying passengers and mail.

"Promenades, lounges, dining-salon, and smoking-rooms are not dreams, but may soon be actualities," say the officials of the Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation.

"Spacious compartments, the lack of noise and odors and seasickness, speed of travel over the oceans greater than is possible to any surface craft—these are some of the advantages the airship has in store for travelers."

It is planned to place at least four of these mammoth air-liners in service between a terminal to be established on the Eastern seaboard and European capitals.

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More Width . .	**4.75** in.	**4.74** in.	**5.98** in.	**5.84** in.
More Thickness .	**.627** in.	**.578** in.	**.840** in.	**.821** in.
More Plies at Tread	**6** plies	**5** plies	**8** plies	**7** plies
Same Price . .	**$5.69**	**$5.69**	**$11.40**	**$11.40**

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Chevrolet	4.50-20	5.60	5.60
Ford	4.50-21	5.69	5.69
Ford, Chevrolet, Whippet	4.75-19	6.65	6.65
Erskine, Plymouth	4.75-20	6.75	6.75
Chandler, DeSoto, Dodge, Durant, Gr'h'm-P., Pontiac, Roosevelt, Willys-K.	5.00-19	6.98	6.98
Essex, Nash	5.00-20	7.10	7.10
Marq'tte, Olds'bile	5.25-18	7.90	7.90
Buick	5.25-21	8.57	8.57
Auburn, Jordan, Reo	5.50-18	8.75	8.75
Gardner, Marmon, Oakland, Peerless, Studeb'k'r	5.50-19	8.90	8.90
Chrysler, Viking	6.00-18	11.20	11.20
Franklin, Hudson, Hup'bile	6.00-19	11.40	11.40
LaSalle, Packard	6.00-20	11.50	11.50
Pierce-A.	6.00-21	11.65	11.65
Stutz	6.50-20	13.10	13.10
Cadillac, Lincoln	7.00-20	15.35	15.35

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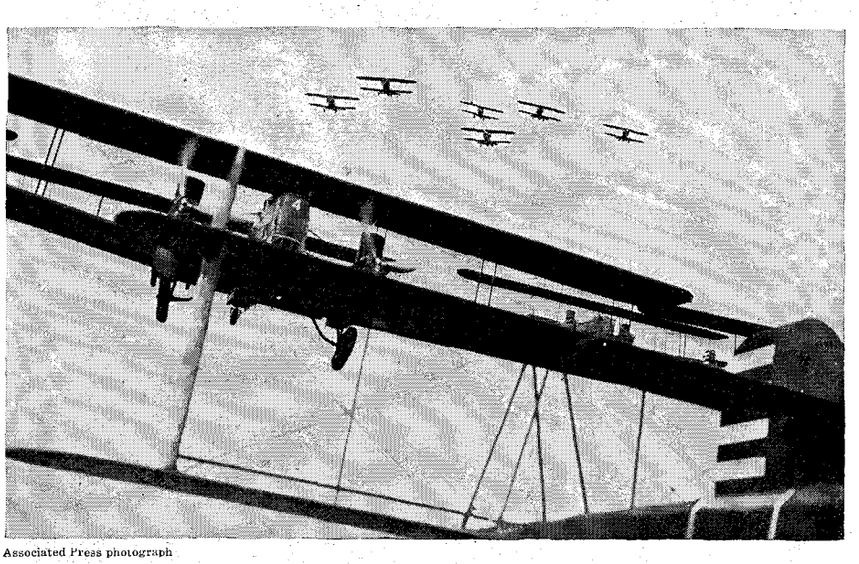
The Real Wordy War Over the Sham Air War

THE DEAFENING ROAR of more than 650 airplanes, the hugest air armada ever assembled, was intensified until it became the "mighty snarl" of some supernatural monster.

Bracing wires screamed; wings tipped at dizzy angles. Darting pursuit ships, writes Russell Gerould in the Boston *Herald*, "dived from tremendous altitudes on lumbering bombers flying in mass formation."

Mr. Gerould is describing the gigantic air spectacle presented over Boston by the United States Army Air Corps during its recent maneuvers. Air-minded Boston, packed on roof-tops, in parks, on beaches, jammed like so many sardines wherever there was room for jamming, looked on spellbound, and cheered while the daring aviators, battling a mythical foe, displayed their possibilities for defense and offense in case a real enemy should attack us.



Associated Press photograph

A Hint of Future Heavy Traffic on the Airways

Here we are, right in the thick of a group of bombers. They look as if they might pile up at any second, but the cameraman says there was lots of room. In the background is a formation of fast pursuit planes.

Mr. Gerould's description applies equally well to the demonstration over Chicago, and the one intended for New York, but curtailed because of weather.

Such a sky show had never before been seen—more than 650 planes, the biggest flying aggregation ever assembled, 692 officers, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*, and 643 enlisted men. Two million and more plane miles were flown. Three million dollars was the cost.

This cost was one of the main points of attack by the show's critics who precipitated a wordy but happily bloodless war over the maneuvers. These critics, for example, objected that the display was an offensive militaristic gesture, that the $3,000,000 cost was unjustified in these hard times, and that it endangered the lives of the pilots. As part of the organized protest, pacifists paraded in New York on the day of the maneuvers over this city. Then F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War for Aeronautics, criticized the criticisms as Communist propaganda.

STARTING from fields near Dayton, Ohio, where the Wrights worked on their first plane years ago, the big air fleet went to Chicago, where there was a demonstration of "dog fighting," raiding formations, and smoke-screen laying. Then to New York, where a low ceiling made part of the projected show impossible. Then to Boston, where, we read, the best demonstration of all was given. Says Mr. Gerould in his Boston *Herald* account:

Fast attack ships spread out in long lines, skimmed even closer to the surface, and were in turn the target for the swarming pursuit craft.

Two of these tiny single-seated gadflys engaged in a duel which called into play every bit of acrobatics that can be coaxed from a plane.

With the grace and skill of a perfectly trained ballet the entire combat group performed kaleidoscopic evolutions, accompanied by a steady beat of motors which provided more suitable rhythm than the puny efforts of a band on the reviewing stand.

Attack ships rushed over the bay and adjoining beaches, illustrating the function of this type of craft so useful in punishing ground forces. In actual warfare machine-guns in the wings and other weapons swung from the cockpits would have swept devastation through the human figures on the ground. The attack ships are supposed to soar like questing hawks, and darting behind shielding hills, and even buildings, suddenly descend to destroy their prey.

After the attack planes had swept the bay, the still swifter pursuit craft began their assault on the bombers. The Boeings split from their eighteen-ship squadron into three flights of six planes each, which dived from as many points of the compass onto the comparatively defenseless heavier craft.

Climbing through the gray skies as tho lifted by the graded macadam of a State highway, the pursuit craft gained a perch from which to execute their deadly work, banked sharply against the clouds and dived 3,000 feet on their victims. A few minutes later the attack planes were the targets for a similar attack from the pursuit ships.

The two star flyers of the 95th pursuit group next thrilled the spectators with a dog fight in the air. Lieutenants Gearing Price and Irving Woodring became so absorbed in their encounter, as they twisted, turned, stalled and spun, always losing altitude as they filled each other with mythical lead, that they finally had to be pulled apart by signals from headquarters, like two small boys in the heat of a fist fight.

THEN back to New York, and a parade along the course of the Hudson River, an impromptu demonstration even more impressive than the one given on schedule, then to Washington for Memorial Day demonstrations. Finally home to various flying fields, the Army proud of the fact that the dangerous program had been carried out without a single major casualty.

And everywhere the flyers went they stirred up a storm of controversy over the maneuvers.

The close-formation flying, with the wing tips of planes almost touching, was denounced in some quarters as dangerous, and useless in real battle—that, in short, it was mere stunting. Said Arthur Brisbane in the New York *American* and other papers:

> The question arises in the mind of laymen:
> "Why close formation in the air?"
> In war, each pilot becomes a chief commander on his own account. Air formation, hundreds of planes close together, must offer an excellent target to exploding shells of antiaircraft guns. It is probably based on imitation of military formation on the earth, and reminds you of early automobiles, that had dashboards in front, altho there were no horses kicking up mud.

In contrast with the sky parade was the demonstration conducted against the maneuvers by the pacifists in New York. Said *The Herald Tribune*, describing their parade:

> Elderly women and boys and girls in their teens predominated in the procession, marshaled by the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, pastor of Community Church, Rabbi Sidney Goldstein, of the Free Synagog; Mrs. Annie E. Gray, secretary of the Women's Peace Society, and the Rev. Eliot White, recently of Grace Episcopal Church.
> While a five-piece band played "Long, Long Trail" and airs of

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the sort American soldiers marched to in 1917, the procession with its wide variety of banners proceeded between thin lines of spectators, who occasionally cheered, but for the major part regarded the marchers with mild curiosity.

One placard proclaimed "We represent 12,000 ministers who refuse to sanction another war."

"Work for Peace," "No More War," and caricatures of the god Mars predominated in the placards. One bore the notation "War is hell. Let those that want hell go to hell."

Among the marchers was Miss Emma J. Carr, of Brooklyn, once a public-school teacher. A figure in black and gray lace bonnet and dark silk dress, she never faltered during the march to Madison Square. "I'm over eighty, but I guess I can walk if I want to," she told questioners.

"I marched up Fifth Avenue years ago for the Suffragists' cause, and I'm glad to do the same for this."

The Rev. Mr. White, wearing a yellow rose pinned to his clerical lapel, was jeered as he displayed a banner proclaiming "The way of Jesus and Gandhi is stronger than guns."

HEYWOOD BROUN, protesting against the militarism he detected in the proceedings, suggested that modern warfare is like modern crime, in that victory is impossible for any participant. In his column, "It Seems to Me," in the New York *World-Telegram*, he continues:

To put it frankly, another World War would leave Europe and America in a situation where there would be nothing left to win. Both material and spiritual resources would surely be exhausted in such a conflict. No nation could enter into the hostilities with a reasonable claim that it was fighting a defensive war, for it would be plunging wide-eyed into destruction.

The critics of the maneuvers found themselves in turn objects of criticism. F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War for Aeronautics, declared in a public address, reported in *The Herald Tribune*, that "Communist organizations are at work spreading insidious and false propaganda in regard to the Army air corps maneuvers." Further:

"In an effort to discredit a reasonable and conservative public opinion favoring a moderate military establishment for defensive purposes only, by subversive methods they are trying to make the American people believe that the Air Corps maneuvers are an additional burden on the taxpayer to the tune of some $3,000,000, and that in the midst of business depression.

"The answer is that it is a contemptible lie. These maneuvers, which are part of the regular annual Army exercises are not costing an additional nickel.

"We are learning more from these maneuvers than we have from any that have ever been held. Instead of each individual pilot flying the hours allotted to him all by himself in an isolated and lonely sky, we are bringing them together for annual maneuvers this year on the East coast, for coast-defense practise, in order to attempt to find an answer to many practical operating questions which still exist. Not one additional penny is required to accomplish that end."

The Springfield *Republican*, supporting

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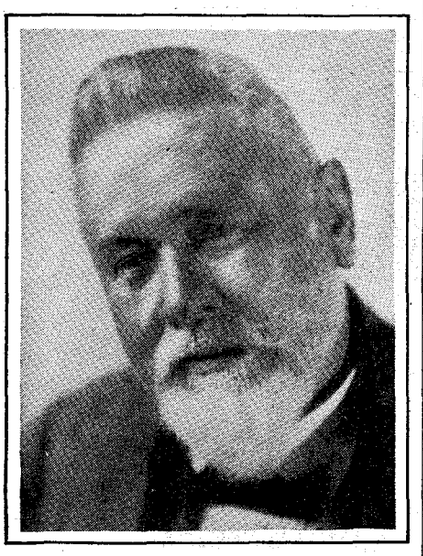
"TEACHER *of half the Doctors of Europe . .*"



Dr. Friedrich Kraus advises Yeast *in cases of Constipation*

HALF the great doctors in Europe, it is said, have studied under Geheimrat Professor Dr. Kraus, for twenty years head of Germany's greatest clinic!

Here, in his own words, is what this authority says about a trouble that afflicts nearly all of us now and then:—

"Until recently," states Dr. Kraus, "few people realized how injurious constipation is. Drastic cathartics and pills were often used to obtain temporary relief. Little was done to correct its cause.

"The effect of yeast," he explains, "is not purgative. Yeast stimulates the intestines to normal, healthy action so that regular evacuations occur . . . "

Eaten regularly, three cakes a day, Fleischmann's Yeast gradually "tones up" sluggish intestines—softens accumulated wastes—keeps you internally *clean.*

And when this occurs, poisons no longer seep into your system. Digestion improves. Energy returns. Your whole body benefits!

Why not try it? You can get *Fleischmann's* Yeast at grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Directions on the label.

(RIGHT) **"I returned from the War badly run-down," *writes* Willard Davis, *Atlanta, Ga.* "After eating Fleischmann's Yeast I lost my sluggishness and indigestion."**

Eat 3 cakes a day — regularly!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

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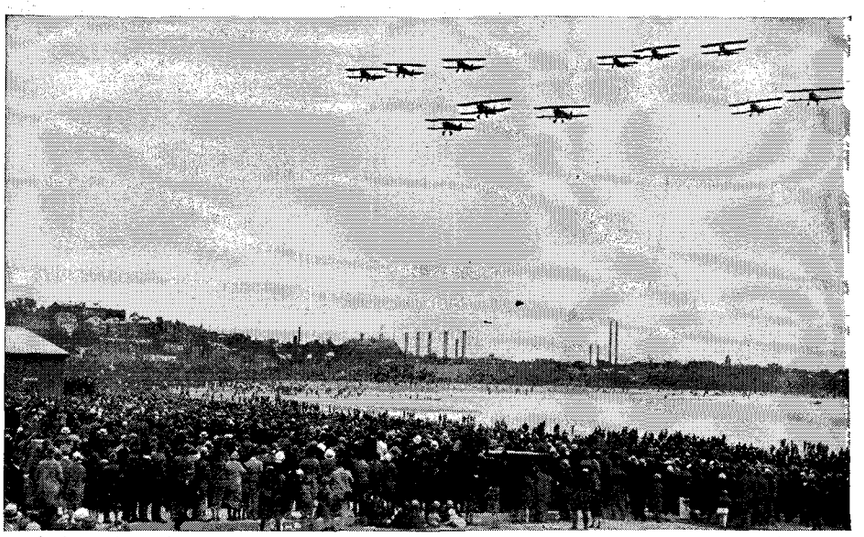
the maneuvers, can not find them calculated to rouse a spirit of militarism, and offers this novel argument:

The spectacle of air maneuvers by bombers and other fighting planes absorbs attention little more than the sight of any flying plane, except as the fighting planes are seen in large squadrons and formations that are accompanied by a half-deafening noise if they move at a low altitude.

As a spectacle that enthralls, that finds a quick response in deep-lying military instincts, an air parade is not to be compared even with the old rhythmic drum-beat of the foot soldiers marching up the street; it quickly loses all emotional effect on the bystander as compared with the martial music of a jaunty military band heading a column of well-drilled infantry.

Watch the field evolutions of a regiment of old-time cavalry, with trumpets blaring orders, and smartly mounted squadrons whirling about at top speed, and you will capture a thrill that the three-dimensional conquest of the air by these machines can never give any one.



Associated Press photograph

How the Air Show "Packed 'em in" on a Boston Beach

Step or Be Stept On

"'WILL you walk a little faster?' said a whiting to a snail.

"'There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail!'"

Thus the *Mock Turtle* sang in "Alice in Wonderland," and thus, in effect, traffic authorities are singing to the pedestrian, we learn from a copyrighted article by William Ullman for Ullman Feature Service.

When a motor-car's characteristics are not just right, they are changed, we are reminded. When a pedestrian's characteristics are not just right, there is not much that can be done to change them, the writer adds. Then he remarks further:

Traffic authorities are squarely faced by this solemn, inevitable truth to-day in their efforts to speed up traffic with safety. Every time they move to take advantage of the flashing pick-up and acceleration incorporated in the newer automobiles they are confronted with the fact that no one has incorporated any flashing pick-up or acceleration in the average pedestrian.

If they could, at such moments as these, they would lose no time in rewriting the specifications of the slowest element in modern traffic, the walker.

In truth, their efforts in this direction have extended to the point of knowing just what kind of speed the ideal pedestrian should have in order that traffic "timing" might be stept up.

To match cars that can accelerate from five to twenty-five miles an hour in around five or six seconds, traffic authorities would like a pedestrian who could cross a sixty-foot street intersection in fifteen seconds. More explicitly, they desire one that can cover four feet per second, or 240 feet per minute.

Traffic officials do not think they are asking too much of pedestrians when they specify such a walking speed. As a matter of fact, they point out that instead of representing a high pedestrian speed, four feet per second is just a good normal cruising speed, if the average walker keeps his mind on his feet, so to speak.

These statistics are not spun out of thin air. On the contrary, they are quite scientific.

They find their basis in the fact that the Army infantryman, marching normally, takes 120 steps per minute. Each step is thirty inches in length. These 120 steps of thirty inches each, then, advance the soldier 300 feet every minute.

But traffic authorities do not expect the average pedestrian to go that fast. They realize that whereas the infantryman rather gets paid for walking, the civilian walks to get somewhere, keeping his amateur standing intact during the process.

So while they know the average walker takes thirty-inch steps, they will be content if he takes enough of them to cover 240 feet per minute or at that rate, at least, when crossing an intersection. In effect, he is given a sixty-foot handicap over the soldier.

"PEDESTRIAN control" is the idea, Mr Ullman remarks as he goes deeper into the problem:

Of late the pedestrian has shown a growing disposition to control himself in many respects. This, however, lacks the orderly unanimity of the control which really means so much to traffic. For instance as against the fifty pedestrians who wai at the traffic light, there are always one o two who will not wait.

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At the moment, in most cities, there is not much that can be done about the recalcitrant one or two. The policeman can bellow at them, of course, but usually he is too busy or too convinced of its futility.

Traffic authorities really are willing to bargain with the pedestrian, if he only will walk a little faster and more obediently.

For instance, one proffer which they know must be made is that of absolute right of way for the pedestrian on the green light or policeman's "go" signal. In theory, the pedestrian has such right of way now. In practise he has not, because motorists making right turns insist upon cutting through the pedestrian stream. The problem, all experts agree, will be a knotty one to solve, but a majority believe the solution must center in giving the pedestrian real protection and a clear path ahead when he is asked to move across an intersection at a rate of four feet a second.

Another concession many believe must be a part of traffic's general bargain with the pedestrian is that when the latter is caught in the middle of an intersection on a switch in the light signal or semaphore, he shall continue to have the right of uninterrupted progress to the nearest curb.

Still another part of the pledge most are willing to make to the walker is that of keeping the cross walk or pedestrian lane absolutely clear of all cars. Here is another theoretical right the walker enjoys now. In many cases, of course, it is theoretical oftener than it is actual. Strict enforcement of the regulations governing motorists, however, will soon make this a practical rather than an imaginary right.

Service? Nothing Else But!

IT'S a great idea if it's done properly, observes a Newspaper Enterprise Association writer, commenting on an English organization that is said "to offer a contract to motorists that sounds very much like another stock-selling scheme, but which nevertheless has the earmarks of something well worth while."

Such an arrangement, we are told, would help not only the automobile owner himself, but every other motorist and pedestrian. And as for other boons, we are told:

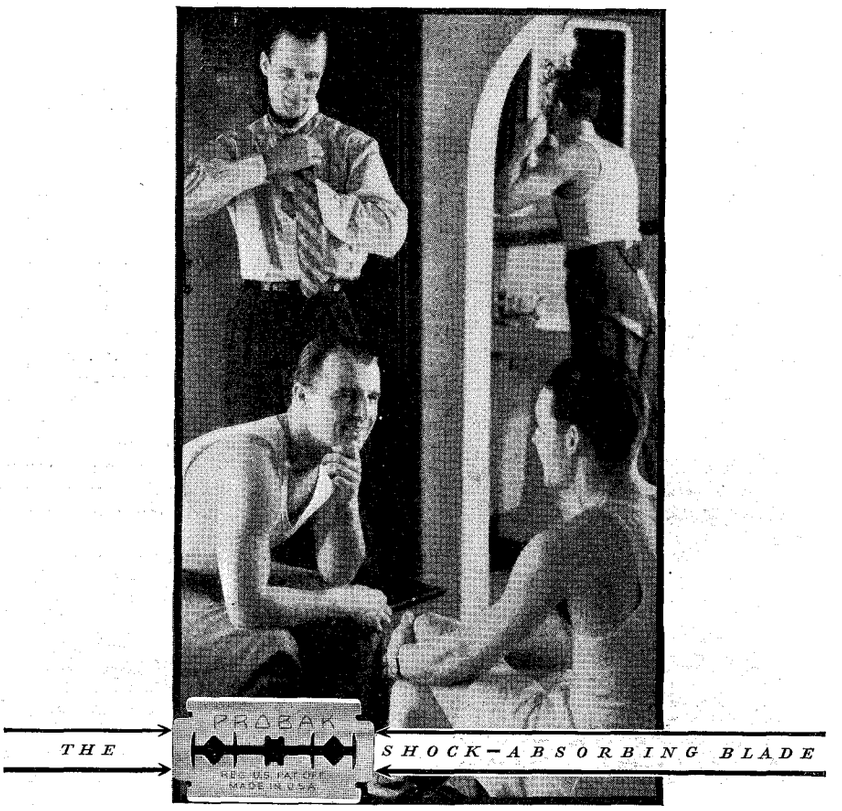
It would assure good, serviceable brakes, for one thing. It would prevent accidents from the breaking of unattended parts. And it would present gleaming, quiet, and comfortable vehicles to the public. It would, in a word, make the streets safe and pleasant for all of us.

According to this firm's agreement, the purchaser of one of its automobiles, for $825, would pay five cents a mile for every mile he operates the car up to 15,000 miles.

In return for the $750 thus paid, the company would insure the car, provide gasoline and oil up to a certain limit, pay for all tires and tubes, cover all repair and maintenance costs up to $125 for the year, and pay for half of the remaining costs.

Finally, at the end of the 15,000 miles, the company would supply a new car free, to start the same procedure over again!

Whether you are suspicious of such an arrangement or not, it does lend itself to some method by which the American motorist could divest himself of all care and worry about his automobile.



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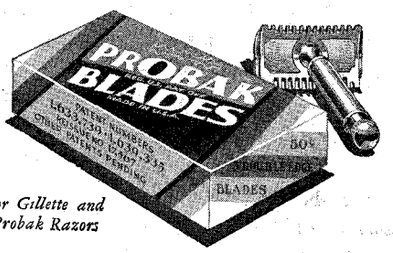
of the locker-room jury

PROBAK won an overwhelming verdict of approval when first tried in locker rooms and Pullman cars little more than a year ago. Word flashed that this double-edge, double-service blade gave unequalled shaving comfort—and man-talk put it over. Shock-absorber construction and automatic machine manufacture—inventions of Henry J. Gaisman—make Probak outstanding. Butterfly channeling in duo-tempered steel prevents edge distortion. Ribbons of steel are finished in one progressive operation—assuring utmost uniformity. Buy Probak on our guarantee. Get far better shaves or your dealer will refund your money—$1 for 10, 50c for 5.



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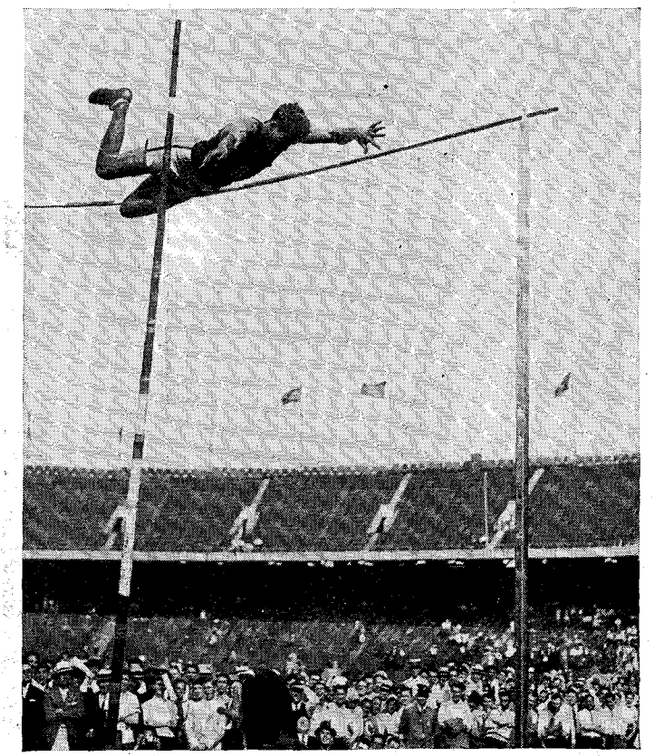
Western Athletes' Rough Way with Records

THE PISTON-LIKE LEGS of a sturdy young collegian, whose face was twisted with the exertion of determination, overtook victory. And the brawny arms of a brother undergraduate clasped it.

The piston-like legs were those of Vic Williams, who won the



Wide World photograph

Bill Graber All Up in the Air, and Proud of It

440, and the brawny arms were those of Bill Graber, who won the pole-vault, Arthur J. Daley tells us in a Philadelphia dispatch to the New York *Times*. They carried their Alma Mater, the University of Southern California, to victory in the record-smashing party into which the fifty-fifth annual intercollegiate A. A. A. A. title games developed in Philadelphia.

And what a record-breaking party it was!

Six marks fell or were equaled.

And Southern California gladiators were responsible in five of those cases.

"WHAT manner of men are these Californians that they should grow so swift and strong?" cries J. P. Abramson in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

"The weakling East," he continues, "blinded by California speed and overwhelmed by California power was all but washed out by the surge of talent from the far-away Pacific coast.

"Inured to these annual California depredations on records and championships through the last decade, the East nevertheless was stunned by the remarkable all-around demonstration of ability that the Native Sons staged in the Franklin Field arena."

Ed Pollock, writing in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, summarizes the scores neatly for us thus:

Coming rapidly to the fore in the late events, the Trojans of Southern California in one of the most successful standard-smashing assaults in recent years, nosed out their arch rivals, Stanford, to retain the team title by the narrow margin of 46 6-7 points to 44 22-35. It was the tenth time in eleven years that Native Sons of the Golden Slope have captured the team crown in the Eastern games.

One world's and two meet records were equaled and two intercollegiate marks beaten by members of the championship team. Another standard collapsed when Kenneth Churchill, University of California student, threw the javelin eight feet beyond the best previous figures, which he established a year ago.

Vic Williams, the Trojans' national champion, in a surprize victory defeated Ben Eastman, Stanford speedster, and tied the world's record of 47 4-10 in the 440-yard run.

Williams's team-mates, who broke and equaled marks in other events, were Frank Wykoff, in the 100-yard dash; Ernest Payne, in the low hurdles; Dick Barber, in the broad jump, and Bill Graber, in the pole-vault.

So completely did Southern California and Stanford dominate the games that they gained nine of the fifteen first places and captured almost half of the total points distributed.

Each of the leading Western teams more than doubled the aggregate of the third-place squad. Pennsylvania, figured as the East's only hope, amassed only 21 points and held third by a narrow margin against Cornell with 19 2-5. Harvard had 15 3-7, Yale 13 22-35, Michigan 9, and California 6 1-5.

The other teams scored as follows: Georgetown and Brown, 6 each; Columbia and Fordham, 5 each; Dartmouth, 4 3-7; Bowdoin and Penn State, 4 each; William and Mary, 3; Princeton, 2 3-7; Boston College, C. C. N. Y., and Michigan State, 2 each, and Colgate, Syracuse, and Williams, 1 each.

So Stanford and U. S. C., as the foregoing shows you, had the meet pretty much to themselves. But then the West Coast is accustomed to victory in these contests, as Mr. Daley, reminiscing in *The Times*, tells us:

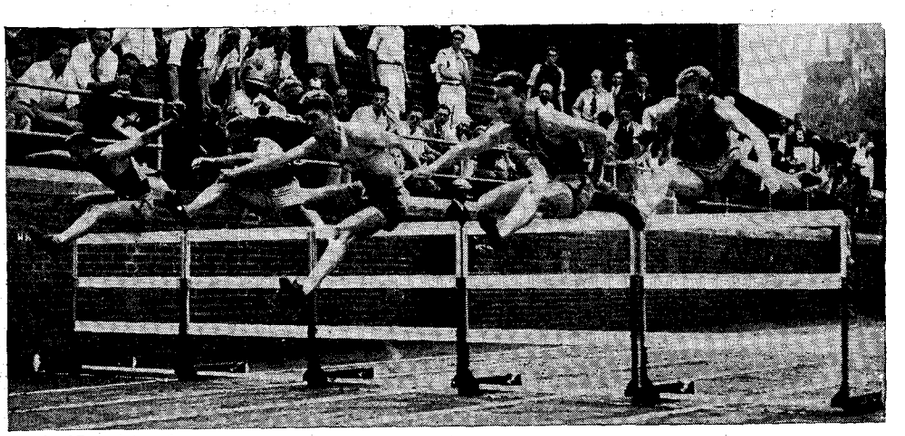
By its victory the Los Angeles team remained undefeated since 1929, scored its fourth triumph in this meet, and took the lead over Stanford and California, which have won thrice each in the past eleven years.

Only Yale, with a triumph in 1924, has interrupted the steady parade of Coast successes, and the East could merely look on in wonder and amazement at these Far West marvels.

But if the East won only a few of the laurels, it won them with superb performances, according to Mr. Abramson, who writes in *The Herald Tribune:*

Norwood P. Hallowell, of Harvard, came from behind in the stretch to win the mile in 4:18 from Carl Coan, where George Bullwinkle placed fourth. Joe McClusky, the young sophomore from Fordham, getting to the starting line in the nick of time, tript and knocked to the ground in a bruising fall on the first turn, shuffled back to last place in a field of sixteen, moved up lap after lap like an inexorable fate to win one of the great thrills of the carnival.

Spectators broke down and hugged each other, and a New



Associated Press photograph

Not a Ballet, but a Line of Hurdlers Off to a Flying Start

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York gallery of thousands went frantic with joy when McClusky, his legs smeared with black cinders, rushed from fourth place in the last furlong to wear down Clark Chamberlain, of Michigan State; Paul Rekers, of Penn State, and Albert Ranney, of Cornell. In the stuffy heat the Fordham lad from Manchester, Connecticut, did the two miles in 9:26 6-10 to beat Ranney by six yards and Rekers by six more, with Chamberlain, who had a lead of seventy yards at one and a half miles, far back in fourth place.

Another New York triumph of note was scored by Bill O'Connor, the string-bean Columbia star, who cleared 6 feet 5 inches in the high jump—his best ever—to beat Jim Stewart, of Southern California, and retain his title. The pole-vaulting was the finest ever seen anywhere, as seven cleared 13 feet 4 inches. All but two dropt out at the next height, 13 feet 8 inches, where only burly Barney Berlinger, the pride of Pennsylvania, remained to contest the title with Graber.

From that height of 13 feet 8 inches, Berlinger, in his successful vault, fell so heavily he had the wind knocked out of him. He was lifted from the pit. Graber went on alone to clear 14 feet ½ inch and join that exclusive set of 14-footers that includes only Sabin Carr, Lee Barnes, and Fred Sturdy. Graber tried to clear 14 feet 2 inches, to beat Lee Barnes's world record of 14 feet 1½ inches, and he barely failed at that rarified height.

IF these Californians, 3,000 miles from home, can do all they did in this meet, what will they do "in their own back yard, next year, when, for the first time since the inaugural of the Intercollegiates, in 1876, the title games are to be held on the Pacific coast?" Mr. Abramson observes in another *Herald Tribune* article, continuing:

The East pondered this point while discussing the greatness of Vic Williams, of Southern California, and Ben Eastman, of Stanford.

Above the power of the Californians generally stood the matchless team organization of the University of Southern California, unbeaten in track and field competition since 1929, and rated to-day perhaps the finest college track unit ever assembled. Even tho prest so closely by the surprizing Stanford Indians in successful defense of the championship, with only two points separating the two squads at the end, the Trojans stood out in striking fashion with a series of unprecedented individual feats.

As a result of the scintillating efforts of Vic Williams, Bill Graber, Frank Wykoff, Ernie Payne, and Dick Barber, the Coast contingent deprived the East of three more records and took a share of two others previously held by the East. The I. C. A. A. A. A. books now show that eight records of fifteen are held outright by the Coast athletes, and that the Coast now shares in two others. That leaves only five marks which the East holds alone.

The I. C. A. A. A. A. marks held by the Coast are: 100 yards, 0:09 6-10; 220 yards, 0:20 9-10; broad jump, 25 feet 3½ inches; pole vault, 14 feet ½ inch; shot put, 52 feet ¼ inch; discus throw, 163 feet 7⅜ inches; javelin throw, 220 feet 11¼ inches, and high jump, 6 feet 5¾ inches. Southern California has four of these records—the 100, 220, broad jump and pole vault; Stanford has three, and California one. In addition, the Trojans edged into joint possession of the 440-yard mark of 47 2-5

970 hours of THIS . . .

485 hours of THIS . . .

. . . have you ever stopped to realize what it does to your child?

IN the average school year, the average child spends 970 hours at his desk, of which about 485 hours are devoted to reading! Hours that mould your child mentally . . . and physically as well.

Too often parents regard gymnasium and play periods as the only hours of importance in the child's physical development. Only recently has due emphasis been placed on the importance of *how* the child *sits* and *sees* at school.

Bodies that slump over school desks crowd vital organs hour after hour . . . cramp the heart and lungs . . . retard their normal functioning. Eyes that squint delay mental impressions, slow up thinking, affect the nerves.

These ills need *not* beset your child. You . . . and other parents can readily provide definite measures to safeguard *all* the children in your school. See, today, what type of seating your school has installed. Then, discuss with the school authorities the definite and accepted advantages the "American" all-purpose Universal Desk offers. Scientifically designed to make it *easy* and *natural* for your child to sit erect—to prevent *slump*—to keep the chest *free*, shoulders *relaxed*. Posturally correct—the "American" all-purpose Universal Desk incorporates sight conservation features as well—features that protect your child from eye strain—from squint and frown. This new desk is the latest contribution of the American Seating Company laboratories to better seating, correct seating, in schools everywhere.

Illustration below shows the "American" all-purpose Universal Desk supplied with Book Support, which quickly converts it into a sight conservation desk. This one desk is adaptable to five other distinct modern classroom purposes, with posture-correctness that induces healthful sitting posture without physical strain.

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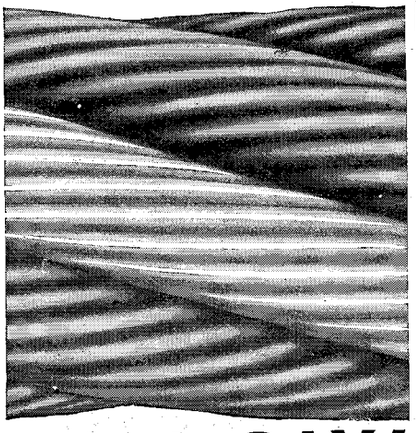
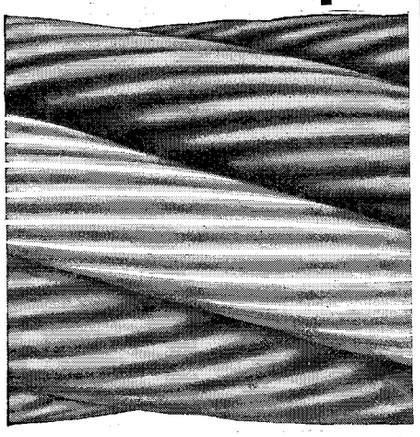


YELLOW STRAND Wire Rope



The toughest, most enduring wire is specially drawn for Yellow Strand—the super-rope, and tested to detect any possible weakness.

Perfect internal lubrication for the finished rope is accomplished with a new compound, by a new process.

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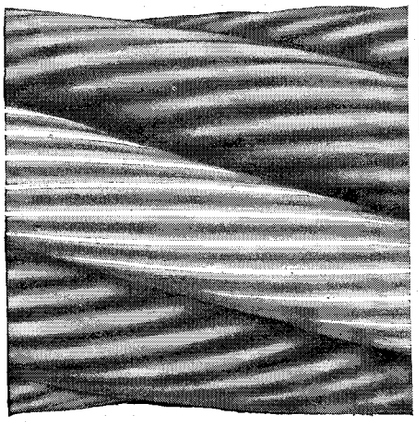

seconds and the low-hurdles mark of 23 6-10 seconds.

SOUTHERN California now turns to new worlds to conquer, we read, as Mr. Abramson's tribute to the Westerners runs on:

The Trojans showed fourteen point-scorers in collecting their winning total of 46 6-7 points. They tallied in ten events, winning six of them. Of the fourteen men, only two are seniors. There are seven juniors and five sophomores.

Of the Stanford squad of twelve scorers, only Alfred Nisbet, third in the low hurdles, and Arnold West, fourth in the broad jump and tied for fourth in the high jump, take their departure from varsity ranks. Southern California has left over .36 6-7 points for next year; Stanford has 39 7-35 points coming back. It looks as if the East will never again regain its ascendency in the Intercollegiates.

Graber was one of three Trojans who surpassed their best previous efforts in the Intercollegiates. Bob Hall, winning the shot put with 49 feet 1⅞ inches, went over 49 feet for the first time. Dick Barber, making the broad-jump record of 25 feet 3½ inches, entered the 25-foot circle for the first time. It is difficult to say which one was most responsible for the Trojans' margin of victory over Stanford, but the combination of all three more than did the trick.

Bawling Out the New Golf-Ball

RING twice and ask for Charlie. Tell him you're a pal of Joe Whoozis. Then you can get your bootleg golf-balls right off the boat—old-style golf-balls that travel far and don't mind the wind.

An exaggeration, of course. But, nevertheless, now that the United States Golf Association has decreed the old 1.62-1.62 ball out of official existence in favor of the new 1.68-1.55, certain golfers have been buying the old-style ball from dealers in the contraband.

The old ball, you'll recall, had a diameter of 1.62 inches and a weight of 1.62 ounces. The new one has a diameter of 1.68 inches and a weight of 1.55 ounces.

The new ball may be bigger and, therefore, theoretically easier to hit, but it doesn't travel like the old one did, it is claimed. It adds strokes and strokes to the score and has many another bad habit. Altogether, it is producing angry and anguished wails from the locker-rooms of the land, and a revolt against the U. S. G. A. is threatened.

"The new ball sits up on the turf as pretty as a strawberry on a shortcake. But you still take as much turf with your putts and still get as much distance with your slices."

"Bugs" Baer, who makes this comment in the New York *American*, can laugh at the great golf-ball war. But to the warriors it's no laughing matter, and in the New York *Evening Journal* Nan O'Reilly gives us the average golfer's slant on the business:

An official of the Metropolitan Golf Association is placed in the anomalous position of having the members of his own club in Jersey refuse to play the new ball.

At one of the leading Westchester clubs, where the members have two real championship courses, the golfers tear down the U. S. G. A. notice as fast as it is posted, and the professional, in self-defense, is stocking the old rubber-core.

Out West the action is more concerted. The official magazine of the Oregon Golf Association, representing the men's, the women's, and the professional associations of the State, has just voiced its protests over the latest crime of the U. S. G. A.

"Just who is the U. S. G. A. making rules and regulations for, the professionals or the average players who are putting up the money to keep the courses going?" is the pertinent query asked in Oregon.

"It is about time the U. S. G. A. got off its high horse and used a little common sense, if it is to retain the respect and co-operation of the golf players it is supposed to represent."

Harsh words, these! But the tip-off is in this little story:

A golfer went to buy some balls from one of our biggest sporting-goods manufacturers, and the clerk asked him, "Old or new?"

Yet the U. S. G. A. is supposed to have bound over the ball-makers to sell only the larger and lighter sphere!

So here, for the first time, we meet the golf-ball bootlegger. And from George P. Hammond in the New York *Sun* we hear more about him. But first Mr. Hammond tells us of the golf-clubs of America that are busy signing protests against the new ball and mailing them to the U. S. G. A.:

That does not dispose of the matter, however, for there have been more tangible steps than petition mailing.

It may have been the result of a misunderstanding, but soon after the first of the year the Houston Country Club of Texas announced its invitation tournament in a leaflet which stipulated that the use of the new ball was optional with the player.

One of the leading amateurs in the metropolitan district was the recipient of one of these invitations.

Presumably the U. S. G. A. was informed of the circumstance down in the Longhorn State, for through local officials of affiliated organizations the matter was ironed out, the new ball being made obligatory.

Now comes the rumor that again in the Southwest revolt is brewing, and one whisper has it that a unit in that locality has gone so far as to advertise boldly the sale and use of "bootleg" balls.

The technique of bootlegging, alas, is not difficult, and is said to pay quite a premium and one doesn't have to trek down across the Mississippi to find this native practise firmly established.

BOBBY JONES and Gene Sarazen like the new ball, according to John Kieran in the New York *Times*. But they are experts. *Life*, the humorous magazine, speaks out firmly for the man in the rough. In an open letter to the U. S. G. A., it says of the new ball:

It is a failure. It was a disappointment in May; it will be hated in June, and by July it will be a tyranny.

You have literally commanded the player who worked and slaved for years

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to break 90, to work and slave quite a bit harder to break 100.

He watches that ball leave the tee more anxiously than a father ever watched his daughter go out at night.

His very backstroke is ordered by an imagination seething with alibis.

He sees his caddie reach for his putter with the tortured mind of a patient watching his dentist reach for a new and strange and pain-laden implement.

The new ball is unjust and unfair, because it widens the gap between the expert and the dub. It may prevent a great player from turning your toughest course in a casual 66, but it will prevent many thousands of others—who make the game, make the galleries, and love the fun—from turning in that joyous 89 that means so much.

In another article in *The Sun* Mr. Hammond reviews the many changes the golf-ball has seen from its original form as a little leather bag stuffed with feathers, to its present state. Every change in the golf-ball has met with opposition, just as all changes are met with opposition. But this time there is a difference. Previous changes in the golf-ball all benefited the duffer and temporarily, at least, penalized the expert. But it is the average player who seems to suffer from this latest change. Hence these tears.

In a word, the new ball seems to be pretty nearly friendless. But not completely, at that. In *The Daily News* of New York, Paul Gallico rises in its defense with this spirited comment:

At Tamarack last Sunday it was like a wake. They were blaming the new ball for the depression, for the weather, for their troubles, for the bottom falling out of the market.

Such crying, such snuffling, such moaning, such complaining.

She won't putt, she won't drive, she won't come out of traps, she won't hold a line, she flies away in the wind.

The members were coming in, posting high scores and taking it out on the ball.

If I listened to one tale of wo I listened to fifty.

The new ball did everything but bite them in the leg.

Personally, I see no reason for such wailing.

I rather like the new ball. It seems to be the same for every one.

Of course it's a grand alibi and it makes the dub happy to think he has a real complaint, but it won't stand up under examination.

Hit her and she'll go.

Slice her and she'll slice.

Hit a good shot and it's good.

Dub it and get what you deserve.

Two things happen to a sliced ball. It goes into the rough; it goes out of bounds.

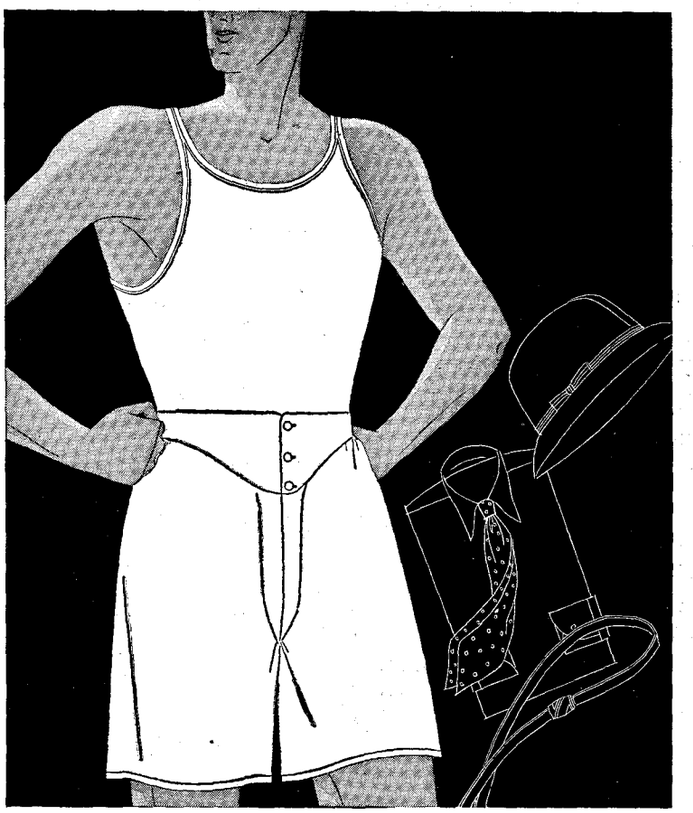
Two things happen to the new ball when sliced.

It goes out of bounds or it goes into the rough.

Because it is lighter, it is more liable to go out of bounds than into the rough.

This, if you ask me, is a distinct break for the dub. He charges himself one (never two) and puts another ball down. Playing out of the rough, he is liable to take anywhere from three to six strokes.

DO YOU LOOK LIKE A PRINCE OR A PAUPER IN THE BOUDOIR OF YOUR WIFE



YOU may *feel* like a cinderpath champ when you're wielding the towel after your A. M. shower. You may *look* like a track hero when you're swashbuckling around in your best silk robe.

But at that halfway point between bathroom and breakfast—when the woman in your life catches a glimpse of you in your *underwear*—do you look like something to be pitied as well as blamed?

There's no reason why you shouldn't look as much the man in your underwear as you do in your city flannels or your country tweeds.

Sign up for B. V. D.'s! There's the answer to your manly prayer. They're expertly and exactly tailored to fit. Union suits, shirts and shorts or drawers—they're beautifully cut and splendidly tailored — the best-looking underwear you've ever worn.

Look for the red-woven B. V. D.—the most famous label in the masculine world. You'll find it in Union Suits of B. V. D. nainsook—the warm weather fabric with Arctic virtues. You'll find it in knit shirts—in shorts in whites, solid colors and neat patterns (the 1931 style swing is all away from barber pole stripes and ye olde chintz patterns to the smart whites.)

You'll look better in B. V. D.'s! You'll feel better. And you'll pay less than you often do for underwear with fewer style or comfort virtues.

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KNEE DRAWERS—$.75 and $1.25

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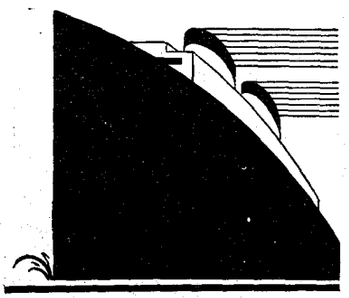

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Building an International City for Headliners in Sport

A TOWN to order, a town while you wait, it might almost be said, is the job for which Los Angeles is preparing.

In July, 1932, Los Angeles will be the scene of the Olympic Games, and just before that time, according to Dan Thomas, writing for Newspaper Enterprise Association, Olympic Village will spring up almost overnight.

This village and its 3,000 residents will, for a time, furnish as much news as that other celebrated suburb of Los Angeles, Hollywood.

Olympic Village will be "the headquarters and residence of athletes, coaches, and trainers from all parts of the world, here for the tenth Olympic Games," Mr. Thomas tells us, as he continues his descriptive account:

Plans are completed now for the building of this village upon which construction will start early in the summer of next year. The town will be west of Los Angeles overlooking the Pacific, and will be centrally located with regard to the sixteen stadiums and training fields to be utilized during the games.

The village will consist of two-room houses, each accommodating four men. In addition, there will be an administration building and a main dining-hall which will be approximately 1,200 feet long. The dining-hall will be divided into separate rooms so that each team can make its own eating arrangements. Each team also will bring with it its own cooks so that the contestants will be enabled to adhere to the diets to which they have become accustomed.

Feminine athletes, their coaches, and trainers will be housed, fed, and entertained in the residence halls of the University of Southern California, which are located only a few blocks from the Los Angeles Coliseum, where the major portion of the events will be held.

RECONSTRUCTION of the Coliseum as the Olympic Stadium has been completed, we learn as we pursue the account:

When the colorful "parade of nations" officially opens the 1932 games, representatives of the sixty-five competing countries will swing into action in the largest athletic arena in the world.

The $500,000 enlargement program gives the arena seats for 125,000 persons, more than ever have been seated in one structure before.

Athletes will find themselves on a playing field thirty-five feet below ground level, containing space far in excess of that required for any game.

Around them will be the famous quarter-mile track, made of a special resilient clay, which has become known as the fastest in the world, due to the score of records established on it.

On one side is the 220-yard straightaway, and completely enclosing them will be the mighty bowl itself rising to a tremendous height.

Dressing-rooms and showers for a thousand contestants are an integral part of the $3,000,000 structure. One noteworthy feature is the system of tunnels leading from dressing-rooms, under the seats to the "pits" adjoining the edge of the playing field. Here other tunnels connect and lead under the track to trap-doors on the field itself.

Net Profit in Tilden Common

DON'T sell Tilden Common short.

That may be a useless warning, for you aren't likely to get the chance.

Stock in that going concern known as William Tatum Tilden II is closely held, George Trevor tells us in the *Outlook and Independent,* in a review of the net star's professional success.

No joke about it, we read, "the former tennis champion has had himself incorporated under the State laws of New York. Tilden owns the majority of stock, having bought control from Frank Case, proprietor of the Hotel Algonquin, who helped finance the issue. You can't buy any shares of Tilden, Inc., on the big board or the curb market," Mr. Trevor tells us as he recites further financial details of Big Bill's professional tennis career:

Trading is "over the counter" at the present time, with no stock offered by the insiders who, as Bill McGeehan would say, "own a piece of Large William."

Having bought back an equity in himself, Tilden is disposed to hold for a rising market. His venture into professionalism has netted the lucky shareholders surprizing dividends.

Following a profitable tour with Kozeluh, Big Bill whipt Vinnie Richards before 14,000 cash customers in Madison Square Garden

The gate grossed $40,000, according to promoter Curley, who dislikes such publicity as much as Dexter Fellows does. Imagine blasé New Yorkers paying $7.70 "tops" to see a tennis match. O tempora, O mores, O Tex Rickard, O Fudge! As Gil Dobie once said, the human race must be softening up.

At that, Tilden would probably have been willing to work gratis just for the pleasure of paddling Vinnie in public.

That was one spanking which didn't hurt the donor more than the recipient. Tilden didn't spare the rod after he had "measured" Richards in the first set. The story about the bill for instruction which Richards planned to mail Tilden rankled in the Philadelphian's breast.

THERE'S a limit to joking even if it makes swell publicity, Mr. Trevor comments on this incident, as his entertaining narrative of tennis court rivalry runs on:

Well, a great baseliner figures to beat a great volleyer, tho the latter has a theoretical advantage on indoor courts. The fast bound off a hard surface is an asset to the net stormer.

Spin—Tilden's chief stock in trade—can not be effectively employed except on grass. Still, when pupil faced master after a lapse of years, Big Bill retained his mastery.

I hope Tilden, Incorporated, is listed on the Stock Exchange some day soon. It would be fun to see the short interest—represented by ex-U. S. L. T. A. officials—buck the pro-Tilden pool. Can you picture Julian Myrick being called upon for more margin as Tilden, Inc., skyrocketed on the ticker tape?

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Is Woman's Place the Home or the Golf Club?

WHAT'S a golf-club house for anyway?

Is it a place for golfers to change their clothes and stow their clubs?

Or is it a place for bridge parties, tea dances, a swimming-pool, and almost everything but golf?

In England, the links come first. But in America, the links are of secondary importance, at least according to a complaint by George Trevor in the New York *Sun*.

And the ladies are to blame.

Mr. Trevor has been comparing English and American golf-club houses, and he seems to feel that the fair sex is a bad influence on the grand old game in this country.

The sumptuous structures, characteristic of American golf, are seldom found in Britain, he assures us, as he elaborates his complaint:

Over here our courses sometimes seem to be accessory to the palatial country clubs they radiate from.

Over there golf is the thing. The club-house is merely a place to hang your hat on a peg and stow your clubs. It is of secondary consequence.

North Devon, for example, boasts an élite London membership, yet its simple, homespun club-house looks like an American caddie shack. It reminds you of one of those portable bungalows they rig up overnight.

Inside it is snug, cozy, and eminently practical, but totally devoid of the comforts, not to mention the luxury, which we modern sybarites associate with a golf-club.

The interior of any self-respecting American club matches the de luxe appointments of a fine private residence or tip-top hotel. The most expensive interior decorators collaborate with the highest-priced architects in its design.

We are sold on the country-club idea—golf being the primary but by no means the sole reason for constructing these elaborate temples to sport. Our clubs are social centers—community focal points—replicas of a European casino.

The feminine influence is marked, as you might expect in a "women's country." Wives, sisters, and unattached females are conspicuous in jade green and old ivory living-room as well as on porticoed veranda and in oak-paneled dining-salon.

"CARD parties, formal dances, swimming in outdoor pools, tennis, and horseback riding vie with golf as diversions," Mr. Trevor laments as he continues his indictment of the modern golf-club's fall from grace:

Mere males are lucky to find sanctuary in locker-room, grill, and bar. Meanwhile their huge dues, initiation fees and periodic assessments go to support a lot of things that have nothing to do with golf. At many American clubs the sidelines have become more important than the main issue.

Old Garden City is one of the few American clubs which cling to the British pattern. Tho its membership is ultra-exclusive and represents untold wealth, the low, Dutch-shingled club-house symbolizes simplicity. Golf is the be-all and the end-all of its existence.

Women are barred from the club-rooms, tho they are tolerated on the porch overlooking the eighteenth green—a concession grudgingly accorded by the old guard.

The atmosphere of good fellowship based on a mutual love of golf, devoid of any fancy side-shows, gives Garden City a distinctive charm.

Westward Ho is like that. The severely plain club-house jibes with the rugged, barren flats on which it snuggles. Actually it is nothing more than a locker-room with a homy lounge and a simple grill.

There are no sleeping accommodations for members or guests. It is simply a shelter against wind and rain, a roof under which to dress for the game and talk about the shots you missed after the round is done.

Dues and green fees are incredibly low at all Britain's championship courses. They are conducted on a simple scale which cuts overhead to the bone.

What America needs most, now that a good five-cent cigar is again available, are golf-clubs, fashioned on this English model. The yawning gulf between the palatial country club and the unkempt, congested public links ought to be bridged. It might have been spanned before this if American males weren't subservient to their women folk.

The *femmes* want a card, dance, and swimming pavilion—not a place to play golf.

High-Pressure Salesman

Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, former Representative-at-Large from Illinois, has received what she pronounces the prize begging letter. It may be summarized under these fourteen points:

1. Lost his fortune in Miami hurricane.
2. Lost three girls by diphtheria.
3. Lost fourth girl by automobile accident.
4. Adopted four other girls and they all got married.
5. Took in widow with six children.
6. Owes $250 grocery bill and $200 rent.
7. Spine broken.
8. Wife has lost her nose and wants to get a new one.
9. He wants to go to school to learn automobile repair work.
10. Wants to learn to play the banjo, bagpipes, and xylophone, then buy a farm and build an auto-repair shop.
11. Wants to raise milk goats.
12. Believes labor unions do more for the country than the Government.
13. Wants poorhouses abolished.
14. Nickname is "Two-Gun Boone."—*New York Times*.

Mistakes That Coin Money

Back in 1918, the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington turned out an issue of 24-cent air-mail stamps, 100 to a sheet.

Mistakes are seldom made in this government bureau, but as the cut of the airplane to go on the stamps was very small, it was put in upside down, and one sheet of 100 stamps was run off and put into circulation before the error was discovered.

One of these stamps was sold recently by Eugene Klein, a Philadelphia collector, for $2,360, so great is the demand for them.

What has become of the other 99 is not known.—*Wall Street Journal*.

Mountain Altitude—

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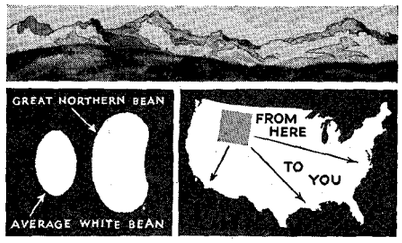
GREAT NORTHERN BEANS

From the high, sunny slopes of the snow-capped Rockies they come, bringing the delicious tang of that healthful, invigorating atmosphere to your summer meals! And, because they are grown where air is crisp and cool, where sun is bright and warm, they are wonderfully succulent, and so tender, so thin-skinned, that they require two hours less cooking time than ordinary beans. No soaking is necessary.

Great Northern Beans are twice as large as common beans and are packed full of nourishing goodness. How rich their supply of Vitamin B; of body-building protein! No wonder *Great Northern Beans* have won first place as a summer substitute for meat! There are so many delightful ways to prepare them, to serve them, hot or cold. Write for our free recipe folder. Put *Great Northern Beans* first on your grocery list today. They cost no more than other varieties of white beans.

Also, Great Northern *Canned* Beans! You can't imagine how much difference altitude makes until you have eaten mountain-grown beans.



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Mr. Farrell Speaks His Mind

A TALL, SOLIDLY BUILT, WHITE-MUSTACHED man, erect and vigorous, tho nearing his Corporation's retirement age of seventy, Mr. James A. Farrell threw a verbal bombshell into a meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute.

And the explosion was heard all over the country.

"The one thousand or more steel men in the ballroom of the Hotel Commodore sat in icy silence," as a New York newspaper puts it, but all over the country editors were soon talking loudly.

And it wasn't just this one speech. Three speeches in five days drew front-page head lines, and, if this keeps up, observes a New York *Times* writer, "Mr. Farrell will be a fugitive from lecture agents waving contracts."

In the Farrell tirade against wage cutting and price slashing before the steel men, there was a tonic, says the New York *Herald Tribune*, "which, for all its pessimism, let a fresh breeze of frankness and indignation into the discussion of business policy in hard times."

Starting as a puddler at sixteen at $4.65 a week, Mr. Farrell rose, it may be remembered, from the ranks till he became President of the United States Steel Corporation and, as an expert on foreign trade, also President of the National Foreign Trade Council. Perhaps comment on the Farrell utterances will be easier to understand after we have just briefly noticed what this new spokesman for American industry has been saying.

Acme-P. & A. photograph

He Denounces

Wage slashing and price cutting—President James A. Farrell of the United States Steel Corporation.

TAKING first the speech of May 22d, before the Iron and Steel Institute, we recall that he spoke directly after Charles M. Schwab, Chairman of Bethlehem Steel, and President of the Institute, had asserted that wages have been pretty well stabilized in the steel industry. But when that is said, replied Mr. Farrell, "the only answer is, that they have not"—

> We are living in a fool's paradise if we think that every steel manufacturer in the United States has maintained what is generally known as the current rates of wages. It has not been done. There has been honeycombing and pinching and that sort of thing.
>
> I am not going to mention names of all of the companies in this room that have cut wages; I do not want to embarrass them; but I think it is a pretty cheap sort of a business.

Then the President of the Steel Corporation denounced the present era of price cutting in his industry. "We are no longer sellers of steel," he declared, "the large industries tell us what they will pay." Mr. Farrell does not "see any hope of better prices in our business until the presidents of the companies are willing to stop this diabolical business" of price cutting. At present prices Mr. Farrell doubts if any steel manufacturers in the United States are earning dividends on preferred stock, to say nothing of common. Then came what some editors consider a veiled threat of price war on the part of the United States Steel Corporation:

> What we will eventually face, unless we receive better prices, is something that I won't mention here. You know what it is.

A few days later came the National Foreign Trade Convention in New York. In an anticipatory radio talk, Mr. Farrell remarked:

> Our recovery is not wholly conditional upon the solution of problems in other lands. We possess within ourselves the power to lead the world trade recovery. If we would aid the world, our efforts must begin at home.

In his address at the opening of the convention, Mr. Farrell repeated his self-help ideas and also returned to the "fair-prices" doctrine of his Institute's speech:

> An essential requirement of the present economic situation is an advance in commodity prices. When prices fall, buyers withdraw from the market. It is rising prices that stimulate buying and consumption, and a return of prosperous times.
>
> The importance of fair prices can not be overestimated in determining the influences favorable to an advance in commodity prices and the restoration of trade. Competition is unfair to industry and to the community when price cutting has the tendency, as in all uneconomic activities, of taking the form of profitless merchandising.

THE Farrell pronouncements on foreign trade have made comparatively little stir. The New York *World-Telegram* finds them "just a polite way of reminding us to quit expecting other people to restore prosperity in these United States, and accept the job as chiefly our own." "Could we persuade ourselves of our industrial leadership and assert it in a concerted drive to end our domestic depression, the fog would lift elsewhere," agrees the New York *Herald Tribune*. But the Brooklyn *Eagle* thinks Mr. Farrell "does not make clear how the United States should assert this world leadership."

Much louder is the chorus of comment over Mr. Farrell's views on wages and prices. The declaration on wage-level maintenance is said by Secretary of Labor Doak to be "very sound and coming at a very opportune time." "Opportune" is also the word used by President Green of the American Federation of Labor, who says:

> I am glad President Farrell exposed this sniping in wages. No one could bring it out into the open quite as effectively as he.

Another indorsement comes from D. F. Kelly, head of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, who says in his approving statement:

> So let us see if we can't forget about the reduction of wages. We are not going to get anywhere doing it and we want people to be happy and contented and prosperous, and to feel that we are doing something for them. I for one am thoroughly in accord with the idea of keeping wages up.

MESSRS. Farrell and Schwab have publicly declared that their views on wages and prices quite coincide. Some editorial opinion emphasizes the divergence of their ideas on the extent of wage cutting, and some call attention to their joint opposition to such cutting. "When one takes into consideration the lowering of workers' morale which follows wage reductions, one must conclude that wise industrialists will concentrate their attention on cutting costs in ways not calculated to demoralize their working forces," concludes the Chicago *Daily News*.

The practical point is made by the New York *Journal of Commerce* that with the mechanization of the steel industry

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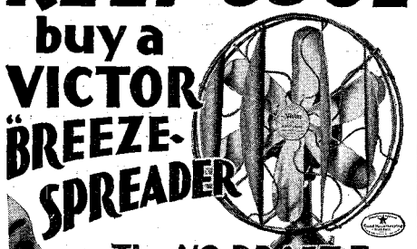

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labor "is now doubtless much less important as a cost factor than in scores of other industries." So wage cutting helps little. And then the New York paper finds another reason why steel makers hesitate to cut wages:

Steel buyers would immediately insist on lower selling prices. A wage-cut is always surrounded by more publicity than a reduction of other costs. Consumers might insist on a sharper reduction in selling prices than would be justified by the savings obtained through wage reductions.

THAT wages are really being cut, nevertheless, is the opinion of the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*—

There have been no "sweeping" or "general" wage cuts, but there have been special, piecemeal and limited wage cuts, affecting in their totality so large a proportion of American labor, especially non-unionized labor, as to make the statement that the wage situation is substantially what it was at the beginning of 1930, a false pretense.

The painful truth is that wages are falling, and in response to the same forces that caused them to fall after the bursting of the inflation bubble in 1921. As the dollar, in the face of falling commodity prices, buys more and more goods, fewer dollars are being put in the pay envelop.

Wages for steel workers are not high, whatever the popular impression may be, says a New York *Herald Tribune* writer:

Even in the prosperous years of 1928 and 1929, the average wage of the rank and file of steel workers, largely non-union, was probably below $33 a week. Under present conditions of reduced output, hours and, in some cases, wage scales, it is doubtful if the average income of employed steel workers represents even a bare living return.

Mr. Farrell's price-cutting talk brings plenty of applause. It is particularly pleasing to Wall Street, we read in the New York *Times*, "which hopes that his strictures will stiffen the backbones of those producers who have been taking business at unprofitable prices."

AND here comes the Government into the picture. To accomplish what Mr. Farrell desires in the way of keeping up prices and wages "it will be necessary for the other steel companies to take concerted action, and this means possible prosecution under the Sherman Law for price fixing," writes David Lawrence in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Washington—

Just how any industry nowadays can respond to the administration's request that wages be held up, and at the same time be denied the right to fix prices is something which is difficult to accomplish in an unregulated industry.

Even if the Government does not enforce the Anti-Trust laws, Lewis Haney, writing in the New York *Evening Journal* says he doubts "if the steel people can prevent further declines in prices":

Steel production was expanded too rapidly. You can't expect an industry which had great overcapacity to be able to sell its products in times like this without price cutting.

Put 'Em Away—Don't Forget 'Em

THE old advice to buy good securities and then "put 'em away and forget 'em" is misleading, suggests William J. Healy in *The Financial World*.

It is only partly true at best, he continues.

"There are securities that can be purchased and put away." But, we are told, there are none that can be entirely forgotten with complete safety.

Conditions in industry change so rapidly that every security must be watched over in order to secure maximum gains from an investment, and indeed, to avoid actual losses. To-day, we are reminded, many industries once favored by investors are either obsolete or deteriorating.

New inventions and innovations help one industry and well-nigh ruin another. As Mr. Healy notes:

We have seen this in the influences brought to bear during the growth of the motor industry, upon such lines as shoes, clothes, railroad and traction lines. In the reverse we find new demands created for oil, rubber, highways, and accessories.

Even the type of roadways have been subject to style changes and preferences in the conflict between concrete, asphalt, and macadam.

The stable business of freight-car building changed its aspects when the railroads entered this field for themselves. Fiber board and corrugated paper have served to replace wood, and even metal sheets.

Chemically developed anti-freeze solutions have been substituted for glycerin and alcohol. Rayon aggravated the troubles of a sickly textile industry.

Of more recent development we find the motor-trucks, buses, and pipe lines giving serious competition to other common carriers. The increasing use of oil as fuel carried with it its benefits, and also problems for the producer of coal.

Blowing hot then cold, we meet with mechanical refrigeration as an improvement upon former methods. Chromium was promptly accepted as an improvement upon nickel plating. Cellophane, a more recent development of our extensive chemical laboratories, fills the former uses of tissues, tin foil, and other wrappings.

The electric typesetting machine suggests a transition from the old order of things as concerning news gathering and its presentation.

The autogiro and the helicopter lay claim to making flying safer and more convenient.

THE life of patents is often a sadly disturbing factor, we read on:

The razor manufacturer can testify to this with the office appliance and other branches of industry ready to support him.

The motor industry is still one suggestive of many such changes when the individuality of air-cooled motors, sleeve-valve motors, and many accessories have lived their patented life.

The Diesel motor, on the highways, the seas, and in the air, lays claim to recognition. Hydrogenation processes could readily become an important influence in the oil industry with prices recovering to normal levels.

Welding processes compete with the riveting of steel structures, and in the con-

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struction field steel and concrete buildings cut into the demands for other materials.

NEXT, taking a look into the future, Mr. Healy calls attention to some developments just ahead that are bound to have their effect on the value of securities:

The super-power program is by no means the least of these. The economical utilization of our power resources holds forth the promise of such low rates that cooking and heating might some day be added to the utilities of this invisible power.

Natural gas is being brought from far fields to the centers of greatest potential demand.

Freezing processes, recently developed, are engaging attention for their possible application in the preservation and distribution of foods, and may affect canners and can companies as well as revolutionize the merchandising methods of the meat-packing, fish, fruit, and vegetable industries.

Oil from coal, rubber from goldenrod, and subzero temperatures from liquefied helium romanticize the plugging and plodding of chemical research.

Radio as one of our more recent developments should soon be supplemented by television.

And so it is not a good idea for an investor to forget his securities. Rather, we are told, "a constant and vigilant watch must be maintained in visualizing both possible and probable changes that might affect or influence his holdings."

Why Our Biggest Ten Years Are at Hand

IT is easy to say that we are soon to enter upon the biggest period of industrial development in all our history. But Charles F. Abbott, managing director of the American Institute of Steel Construction not only says that our ten biggest years are just around the corner, but he undertakes to tell why.

We quote part of Mr. Abbott's remarks from *Capper's Magazine*, which points out that the writer discust the subject in considerably more detail in a recent issue of *The Manufacturers News:*

The electrical industry is on the verge of revolutionizing the whole process of manufacturing and distributing electricity.

The natural-gas industry, with all of its vast pipe lines, is bringing natural gas into the remote Eastern cities and towns.

The chemical industry by applied research is bringing into being many new industries as new processes are developed.

The coal industry is making preparations to utilize waste materials by converting them into electrical energy at the mines.

Railroad systems are engaged in electrification programs.

The aviation industry is in its infancy. It may, and probably will, accelerate the whole system of transportation.

The proposed irrigation projects, including dams, will call for greater quantities of steel, cement, and other building materials.

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Old One Bobs Up Again.—"Which travels faster—heat or cold?"

"Heat, because you can catch cold easily."—*Utica Press.*

Hoity-Toity!—HUBBY—"You didn't have a rag on your back when I married you."

WIFE—"Anyway, I've plenty of them now."—*Pathfinder.*

How Mommer Feels About It.—"Mommer, what becomes of an automobile when it gets too old to run any more?"

"Why, somebody sells it to your pa, dearie, for a used car good as new."—*Florida Times-Union.*

Sue Him.—"There goes the man who swindled me out of fifty grand."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. He wouldn't let his daughter marry me."—*V. M. I. Sniper.*

Call an Oculist.—HONEY—"That boy you were riding with has trouble with his vision?"

GIRL—"Yeah, he sees parking spots before his eyes."—*State Lion.*

Whiskers on It.—COMIC ARTIST—"This joke ought to be good, I've had it in my head for ten years."

HEARTLESS EDITOR—"Sort of aged in the wood, as it were."—*Hummel.*

Public Nuisance.—A man went to see his physician for advice as to how to be cured of the habit of snoring.

"Does your snoring disturb your wife?" asked the M.D.

"Does it disturb my wife?" echoed the patient. "Why, it disturbs the whole congregation."—*The Southwestern Episcopalian.*

Elementary, Watson.—GUMM—"Do you know any reliable rule for estimating the cost of living?"

BOYLE—"Yes. Take your income—whatever that may be—and add 10 per cent."—*Pathfinder.*

Rough Diamond.—
The man who calls coupé a "coup"
May be an ignorant sort of goop,
But he often has more jack, I'd say,
To buy than the one who says "coo-pay."
—*Florida Times-Union.*

Cross Marks the Spot.—A man touring Europe sent back a picture-post-card bearing this message:

"Dear Son:

"On the other side you will see a picture of the rock from which the Spartans used to throw their defective children. Wish you were here. Your Dad."

—*Wall Street Journal.*

Voice of the Tempter.—SMALL BOY—"I don't think the gentleman next door knows much about music."

MOTHER—"Why?"

"Well, he told me this morning to cut my drum open and see what was inside it."—*Birmingham Gazette.*

New Racket.—A father said to his young daughter, aged eight, "What are you going to be when you grow up?"

"I'm going to be either an artist or a dancer," she answered, "because I don't think I'll be much good at this mother business!"—*Parents' Magazine.*

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"Is there a doctor in the audience?"

—"Life."

It's Up to You.—
Life is a horse
With a bridle and bit—
It will drive you
If you don't drive it.
—*Florida Times-Union.*

Mean Disposition.—
Mary had a little car
She drove in manner deft,
But every time she signaled right,
The little car turned left.
—*National Motorist.*

Change of Diet.—It was the duty of Janet, the maid, to tie up Jeff, the house dog, every night before she retired. One night she failed in her duty, and next morning found Jeff loose.

He had played havoc with the contents of the larder. When the mistress heard the news, she inquired:

"Has he eaten much, Janet?"

"Every blessed thing," replied the maid, "except the dog biscuits!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Strong Language.—Chairman Nye was informed of the letter of the ,O$[cmfwpy fwyp bishop.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Chicago Alibi.—Not responsible for deaths incurred by any one but myself. Valentine W——, 2218 S. Kolin Ave.—*Personal in the Chicago Daily News.*

Complicated Case.—Berlin—Professor Hans Guenther of University of Jena shot and killed and slightly wounded by unidentified youth.—*Los Angeles Record.*

She'd Need to Be.—Wanted—Woman for maternity and housekeeping on small farm. Must be reasonable.—*Galeton (Pa.) paper.*

Beats Floyd Gibbons.—Next Sunday evening Dr. G. A. Richardson will deliver four Sunday-morning sermons.—*Boulder (Colo.) church program.*

Modern Miracle.—Inmates of the buildings fled and, while a few monks and priests were eaten there were few casualties among them.—*Madrid dispatch in the Charlotte Evening News.*

Free and Clear.—W. W., who recently sold his business interests in Hartford, together with his family, returned this week to his farm near Cromwell.—*Hartford (Ky.) paper.*

Low Price of Grief.—We have decided to reduce our charge for an obituary notice from .03 to .02 a word.

We hope that this reduction will be the means of making this column used more by our church people.—*Notice in the Virginia Churchman.*

Give Kidnaps Their Due.—All of us are familiar with the fact that the kidnaps are essential to life. But few of us actually appreciate the intricate mechanism involved in the daily working of these parts of the anatomy.—*Rochester Journal.*

Human Holocaust.—Gladewater, Tex.—An incipient forest fire drew workmen, to-day, from the task of mastering a burning gusher which had killed nine men and destroyed oil statisticians estimated in value up to $200,000.—*Hibbing (Minn.) paper.*

Youth Plus.—"Modern China is a young man's country, and the ancient conception that great age connotes wisdom is a thing of the past," declared Gen. P. H. Whang. General Whang exemplifies the new order of things. He is 6 years old, but looks 10 years younger.—*Vancouver Daily Sun.*

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

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amphibion.—"J. M. H.," Bridgeport, Conn.—The word *amphibion* is the singular of *amphibia* and is a Greek word. *Amphibia* is the name applied to classes of animals which can live as well in water as on land. This word was used as early as 1609, and was defined as a certain class of animals in 1753. *Amphibian* is the adjective referring to *amphibia*, and has been used since 1637. As a noun meaning "an animal of the division of *amphibia*," it did not appear until 1835. The singular *amphibion* was formerly used, as early as 1655, for *amphibian* (noun), but the latter has taken its place.

It was the French who first gave the name *amphibion*, singular of the Greek word, to the air-plane. It is the more correct form to use, despite the number of times *amphibian* is used. People have confused the two words, and usage may eventually establish *amphibian* as the name of the air-plane as well as the name of the animal.

assassinate.—"F. McG.," Jersey City, N. J.—The word *assassinate*, in common with hundreds of other words in the language, has no specific restriction, for *to assassinate* is "to kill," and certainly not that for which the contention is made, for *to assassinate* is "to murder treacherously; kill by surprize or secret assault, or under the impulse of partizanship or fanaticism."

It is true that the term came into use originally as applied to the killing of some public or eminent person, because the *Assassin* was originally a Mohammedan fanatic who, in the time of the Crusades, was sent out, commissioned by his leader, a Sheik known as the Old Man of the Mountain, to murder the Christian leaders. That was the use to which the term was put in 1237, but three centuries later the term was used in the laws of England to describe a man "who will slay men for money," and decreeing that such a man "may lawfully himself be slain by every private person."

bacterial, bacteriology; mythological; neurotic, neurological; -ology.—"H. H. J.," Springfield, Ill.—*Bacterial* is the adjective formed from *bacterium* and means, relating to or concerning *bacteria*. *Bacteriology* is the branch of biology that deals with *bacteria*. It is the science and study of *bacteria*.

Prometheus is either a *mythical* character, that is, one belonging to *myth*, or, a *mythological* character, as one who figures in the myths of the Greeks. However, *mythological* has a second meaning, "the scientific study of myths."

Neurotic relates to *nerves* from *neuron*, nerve—and the nervous system. It means also affecting the nerves, suffering from *neurosis* (a disease of the nerves). Used as a noun, it designates a person suffering from nervous diseases or one having a morbid, unhealthy, or unbalanced tendency. *Neurological* is the adjective formed from *neurology*, the science of the nervous system.

The suffix *-ology* designates a science, so wherever it is used in word construction, it relates to the *science* rather than to the thing, that is, the subject of the science.

bimbo.—"H. W. P.," New York City.—The word *bimbo* was used many years ago in a slang sense. In 1837, the *United States Gazette* asked what a *bimbo* was, and expressed the hope that it was not a toddy. The *Boston Transcript* answered that it was much worse—"a rascally compound of brandy and sugar flavored with lemon peel"—and the *Baltimore Commercial Transcript* described it as "an invention of the devil to create drunkards."

The origin of this use of the word is obscure. One person suggests that a man might call his pet drink his "baby," using the common Italian pet name for a child. It has also been suggested that *bim* is the nickname for a Barbadian, and as the Island of Barbados was once famous for its rum, the word *bimbo* for "rum," or for the drink described above, might have some connection with *bim*.

In college slang, the word *bimbo* is said to mean a "co-ed (a girl) with a telephone number." But, it seems also to have been carried over to mean "baby" in the common slang sense. Some years ago there was a popular song, "I Have a Bimbo in the Bamboo Isles." Perhaps that song had something to do with the present use of *bimbo* in slang. There seems to be more of the idea of endearment than of contempt in the use of *bimbo*.

business girl.—"W. W. B.," New York City.—We speak of *a business man, a business woman*, and *a working girl*. That the expression *business girl* has been criticized, suggests that the critics who condemned it did so before investigating the subject.

The term *business* has been applied freely to mean, "an occupation, a profession, or a trade." This meaning has been expanded to cover any activity that occupies time, requires attention, or involves labor. *Business* is a serious occupation or work as opposed to pleasure and recreation. Since 1557, *business* has meant a piece of work or a job.

Language does not stand still, nor does the genius of language pay close attention to the purists. For that reason, expressions that are calculated to disturb the equilibrium of the purists have won their way in speech. If *business girl* is a term that meets with the approval of the people, and wins its way into wide use, it will be entered into the records. Only a short while ago, the Lexicographer had to draw attention to the fact that, notwithstanding the opposition offered by persons in high places, some of the words that we use in common speech to-day may be found recorded in the dictionary.

callous.—"E. H.," New York City.—This form is not used as a noun in English instead of the form *callus*. *Callus* is the Latin spelling, given in English *callous*, but the Romans more frequently used *callum*.

Chargoggsgoggmanchaugagoggchaubunagungamaugg.—"H. I.," New Brunswick, N. J.—The name of the lake submitted would be pronounced: *tshar"gog"a-gog"man-tshau"go-gog'tshau"bun-a-gung'a-mog—tsh* as *ch* in *charge; first a* as in *artistic;* second, fourth, fifth, and sixth *a's* as in *final;* third *a* as in *at; g's* hard as in *go;* first, second, and third *o's* as in *not;* fourth *o* as in *or; au* as *ou* in *out; u's* as in *but*.

chassis.—"W. B. K.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—This word has been correctly spelled *chassis*—with *three s's, not* two *a's*—since it came into speech in the fifteenth century.

consarn, concern.—"W. F. G.," State College, Pa.—This is a dialectal English form of *concern*, and occurs in Scottish, English, and Irish dialects. The various forms of spelling are as follows: Lancashire, *consern;* N. Lincolnshire and W. Somersetshire, *concarn;* Westmoreland, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Northamptonshire, Shropshire, Herefordshire, Rutland, Leicestershire, *consarn*. Used as an oath, *consarn* dates from 1681 and spread over fourteen counties. "*Consarn ye*" seems to have been a favorite way of using the term, altho "*consarn* your back," "*consarn* the feller," and "*consarn* thy head" are common expressions in English dialects. The following is to be found in Agrikler's "Rhymes" of Somersetshire: "'You lubberly, long-gutted liazy lout! *Consarn* thy yead!' my father hollered out."

The term has been used with the following significations: (1) a business affair; (2) a love affair; (3) a quarrel; (4) a row; (5) a contrivance or thing; (6) an estate or property; (7) relations—in the Scottish language according to Jamieson, "concerns" (See *Edinburgh Magazine*, October, 1818, page 330); (8) an individual, used contemptuously: a Scotch use as "a regular proud *consarn*"; and (9) an imprecation, equivalent to "confound you" or perhaps something stronger, none of which can be traced direct to any body of religious people as part of their vocabulary. It is certain, however, that the term is one that was brought across the sea and not one that originated on this side, altho the dictionaries commonly describe it under the verb *concern*, "used in the imperative locally in the United States as an euphemistic oath, generally pronounced *con-sarn!*." This does not restrict it to the United States, but gives the impression that it is an Americanism, whereas this is not the case.

dish.—"J. W.," New York City.—Originally the word *dish* applied only to a plate, bowl, or platter. There are related words in other languages which mean either *plate* or *table*. The word comes from the Old English *disc*, plate, which is equivalent to the Old High German *tisc*, plate. Present-day German has *tisch*, table. It has been in our language since about the eighth century.

It has been used to designate "a broad shallow vessel, with flat bottom, concave sides, and nearly level rim, made of earthenware, glass, metal, or wood, and used chiefly to hold food at meals." Sometimes it is restricted to those vessels which are oval, square, or irregular in shape, as distinguished from a circular plate. Other times it refers to all open vessels used to contain food at table, "as tureens, vegetable dishes, etc." It also means, "a hollow vessel of wood or metal, used for drinking, and also especially as a beggar's receptacle for alms; a cup," but this latter use seems less frequent than the former. It was not introduced into our literature until about 1381, and it has not been used much since the eighteenth century. This use has survived in the phrase, "a *dish* of tea," which is fairly common to-day. Macaulay wrote in 1855, "More than one seat in Parliament . . . had been bought and sold over a *dish* of coffee at Garraway's." *Dish* here means an indefinite quantity.

A water pitcher, sugar bowl, and possibly a cup, are not, strictly speaking, *dishes*. But, to the American housewife, *dishes* are coming to mean those utensils that go on the table at meal-time, as well as to refer to the amount or kind of food served in a dish.

exception (the) proves the rule.—"W. H. S.," Berkeley, Calif.—This phrase is an old proverb, the origin of which is almost impossible to determine. We have the legal maxim "exception proves (or confirms) the rule in the cases not excepted" (exceptio probat regulam in casibus non exceptis). However, the first English use on record is to be found in Robert Burton's "The Anatomy of Melancholy," Pt. I, Sect. II., Memb. 2, Subsect. 3, first published in 1621: "No rule is so general which admits not some exception." Numerous authors have since made use of this quotation in various forms.

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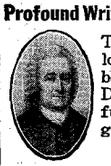

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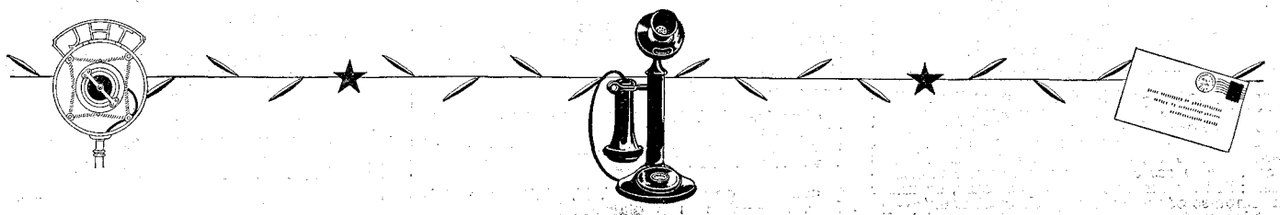

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